



COMIC SONGSTER

THE
COMIC SONGSTER;
OR
LAUGHING COMPANION:

A COLLECTION OF

HUMOUROUS,
DROLL,
LAUGHABLE,
LUDICROUS,

FUNNY,
COMIC,
IMITATIVE,
ENTERTAINING,

S O N G S,

COMPILED TO RAISE MIRTH,

BEING A GENUINE COLLECTION OF THOSE SUNG AT THE

BUCKS,
MASONS,
ALBIONS,
TRUE BRITONS,
SONS OF THESPIA,

BEEF STEAK CLUBS,
TRUE BLUES,
SONS OF COMUS,
ANACREONTICS,
THEATRICAL GENIUSES,

BY THEIR SONS OF HUMOUR;

Many of which are ORIGINALS, and never before published.

The whole compiled to promote Harmony and good Fellowship,
to enliven the Heart and raise a Laugh.

"Let wine and mirth go round."

L O N D O N:

Printed for W. LANE, Leadenhall-Street.



Y
In
Rat
Im

THE
COMIC SONGSTER;
OR,
LAUGHING COMPANION.

S O N G.

BRIDEWELL'S WELCOME.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

YE scamps, ye pads, ye divers, and all upon the
lay,
In Tothill-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs ye sport
and play,
Ratt'ling up your darbies, come hither at my call,
I'm jigger dubber here, and you're welcome to mill-
doll,

With my tow row, &c.

B 2

At

At your insurance-office the flats you've taken in,
The game you've play'd my kiddy, you're always sure
to win ;

First you touch the shiners—the number up—you
break,

With you're insuring policy, I'd not insure your neck.

With my tow row, &c.

The French, with trotters nimble, could fly from
English blows,

And they've got nimble daddles, as Monsieur plainly
shews ;

Be thus the foes of Britain bang'd, ay, thump away,
Monsieur,

The hemp you're beating now, will make you solitaire.

With my tow row, &c.

My peepers! who've we here now, why this is sure
Black Moll,

My Ma'am you're of the fair sex, so welcome to Mill
Doll ;

The cull with you, who'd venture into a snoozing ken,
Like Blackamoor Othello, should put out the light and
then——

With my tow row, &c.

I think, my flashy coachman, that you'll take better
care,

Not for a little bub come the slang upon your fare ;

Your jazy pays the garnish, unless the fees you tip,

Tho' you're a flashy coachman, here the gagger holds
the whip,

With my tow row, &c.

(5)

CHORUS.

We're scamps, we're pads, we're divers, we're all upon
the lay,
In Tothill-Fields gay sheep-walk, like lambs we sport
and play;
Ratt'ling upour darbies, we're hither at your call,
You are jigger dubber here, and we're forc'd for to
mill doll.

Tow row, &c.

S O N G.

TOM BOWLING,

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

HERE, a sheer hulk, lies poor Tom Bowling,
The darling of our crew;
No more he'll hear the tempest howling,
For death has brought him to:
His form was of the manliest beauty,
His heart was kind and soft;
Faithful below he did his duty,
But now he's gone aloft.

Tom never from his word departed,
His virtues were so rare,
His friends were many, and true hearted,
His Poll was kind and fair:
And then he'd sing so blithe and jolly,
Ah! many's the time and oft;
But mirth is turn'd to melancholy,
For Tom is gone aloft.

B 3

Yet

Yet shall poor Tom find pleasant weather,
 When he who all commands
 Shall give, to call life's crew together,
 The word to pipe all hands:
 Thus death, who kings and tars dispatches,
 In vain Tom's life has doff'd;
 For, though his body's under hatches,
 His soul is gone aloft.

S O N G.

PRETTY MAID HOW D'YE DO.

Sung at the Appollo Gardens.

I OWN that young Colin he met me one day,
 And said that my beauty was bright;
 That my eyes were as cheering as sunshine in day,
 And as lucid as stars in the night:
 My heart how it flutter'd, I know not for why,
 As we tript o'er the meadows in view;
 And I was well pleas'd, I can never deny,
 When he said, pretty maid, how d'ye do.

To the fycamore shade then he led me along
 While gently he prest my soft hand;
 He sung—and I own I was pleas'd with his song,
 For good humour I found to expand:
 He gave me a civil salute I must own,
 Such a one I before never knew;
 My heart heav'd again, and again it sunk down,
 When he said, pretty maid, how d'ye do.

Then

Then we toy'd and we prattled awhile in the grove,
 (From trifles great matters begin)
 For at first I declare I ne'er thought about love,
 Yet wedlock cannot be a sin:
 To the church, as by honor directed, we went,
 With virtue intent to pursue;
 And now ev'ry moment with peace and content,
 He says, pretty maid how d'ye do.

S O N G.

JOLLY TAR.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I SAIL'D from the Downs in the Nancy,
 My jib, how she smack'd thro' the breeze;
 She's a vessel as tight, to my fancy,
 As ever sail'd on the salt seas:
 So adieu to the white cliffs of Britain,
 Our girls, and our dear native shore,
 For if some hard rock we should split on,
 We shall never see them any more.

But sailors were born for all weathers,
 Great guns, let it blow high, blow low,
 Our duty keeps us to our tethers,
 And where the gale drives we must go.

When we enter'd the gut of Gibraltar,
 I verily thought she'd have funk,
 For the wind so began for to alter,
 She yaw'd just as thof she was drunk :
 The squall tore the mainfail to shivers,
 Helm-a-weather, the hoarse boatswain cries,
 Brace the fore-fail athwart, see! she quivers,
 As before the rough tempest she flies.

But failors, &c.

The storm came on thicker and faster,
 As black just as pitch was the sky,
 When truly a doleful difaster,
 Befel three poor failors and I:
 Ben Buntline, Sam Shroud, and Dick Handfail,
 By a blast that came furious and hard,
 Just while we furling the mainfail,
 Were swept ev'ry soul from the yard.

But failors, &c.

Poor Sam, Ben, and Dick, cry'd peccavi
 As for I, at the risk of my neck,
 While they funk down in peace to old Davy,
 Caught a rope, and so landed on deck:
 Well what would you have — we were stranded,
 And out of a fine jolly crew
 Of three hundred that failed, never landed
 But I and I think twenty-two.

But failors, &c.

After

After thus we at sea had miscarried,
 Another-guefs way fat the wind,
 For to England I came and got married,
 To a lafs that was comely and kind :
 But whether for joy or vexation
 We know not for what we are born,
 Perhaps I may find a kind ftation,
 Perhaps I may touch at Cape Horn.
 But failors, &c.

S O N G.

BONNY CHARLEY.

Sung at Vauxhall.

O DEARLY do I love to rove
 Among the fields of barley,
 'Twas there that Charley told his love,
 The blithe the winsome Charley :
 Then he fo fu'd, and he fo woo'd,
 And marriage was the parley,
 What could I do but buckle too,
 With bonny bonny Charley.

O my bonny bonny boy,
 My bonny bonny Charley ;
 O my bonny bonny boy,
 My bonny bonny Charley.

I ken the lasses rue the day,
 I fought the fields of barley ;
 And strive to win from me away,
 The heart of winsome Charley :
 But ah! how vain, they canna gain
 His love, by all their parley ;
 And now they see he woos but me,
 My bonny bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

O ilka blessing on the laird,
 That owns the fields of barley ;
 And ken I him alone regard,
 For he is winsome Charley :
 Thē gentle youth, with purest truth,
 So woos me late and early ;
 I can't withstand, to give my hand,
 To bonny bonny Charley.

O my bonny, &c.

S O N G.

BEN BACKSTAY.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

BEN Backstay lov'd the gentle Anna,
 Constant as purity was she ;
 Her honey words like succ'ring manna,
 Cheer'd him each voyage he made to sea ;

(II)

One fatal morning saw them parting,
While each the other's sorrow dry'd ;
They, by the tear that then was starting,
Vow'd to be constant 'till they died.

At distance from his Anna's beauty,
While howling winds the sky deform,
Ben sighs, and well performs his duty,
And braves for love the frightful storm :
Alas! in vain! the vessel batter'd,
On a rock splitting, open'd wide,
While lacerated, torn and shatter'd
Ben thought of Anna, sigh'd and dy'd.

The semblance of each charming feature,
That Ben had worn around his neck,
Where art stood substitute for nature,
A tar, his friend, sav'd from the wreck :
In fervent hope, while Anna burning,
Blush'd as she wish'd to be a bride;
The portrait came, joy turn'd to mourning,
She saw, grew pale, sunk down and dy'd.

S O N G.

EMMA.

THE thistle-down floats o'er the mead,
The foilage begins to decay ;
The year, tho' to Autumn decreed,
Is blest with a beautiful day :

A beautiful day—and the rill,
 In whispers steals gently along,
 My mind with reflection to fill,
 My walk in the vale to prolong.

Does nature now sink in repose?
 To Autumn resign all her store?
 My Emma, the tints of the rose,
 Will vanish and soon be no more:
 But when thy sweet Spring shall depart,
 Thy summer to Autumn give way,
 The manifest charms of thy heart
 Shall brighten and cheer up the day.

No winter of age shall you know,
 Tho' beauty and health are resign'd;
 The blessings of merit that flow,
 To life's latest ebb shall you find:
 The fruit of fair virtue we see,
 That no changes of season annoy;
 The fruit is perennial in thee,
 O Emma, my pride and my joy.

S O N G.

RURAL HAPPINESS.

By T. H.

WHEN summer gay begins to shine,
 And fruits and flow'rs together twine,
 We happy shepherds tend our flocks,
 On valleys low, or steepy rocks;
 In distant folds our lasses stray,
 With looks that say, come, haste away.

When winter with her chilling hand,
 Spreads her black train around our land,
 We happy shepherds, foe to strife,
 In humble cottage pass our life :
 When the blast blows and night prevails,
 We talk of love and ghostly tales.

S O N G.

LET US SUPPOSE IT THE FIRST OF MAY.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

LET us suppose it the first of May,
 And then that the nymphs two and two,
 So neat, so trim, and gay,
 With garlands of various hue ;
 In procession advancing,
 To minstrels dancing,
 Lead of youths a festive crew.

Who, at rest from their labours,
 With pipes and with tabors,
 To join in their sports dance and play ;
 While the old ones appear,
 To bring up the rear,
 Singing merrily, who but they.

SONG.

S O N G.

NE'ER RECKON CHICKENS BEFORE THEY'RE HATCH'D.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

(Fish Woman.)

I 'VE oftentimes heard my grandmother say,
That we're more like to fall the higher we climb;
Then since things have turn'd out in this here same
way,

If I was you, Joe, I'd be wiser next time:
And since all is not gold that glitters, take care,
No more in so slender a net to be catch'd;
Nor to value the castle that's built in the air,
Nor to reckon your chickens before they are hatch'd.

(Potatoe Woman.)

I say, Joe, what a comical figure you cut,
Why, some how or other you're in the wrong box;
Quite queer'd in a minute—Lord, how you did strut,
When you talk'd of your turkies, your hens and
your cocks;
And now not a word—well, what wou'd you say,
If I with my little your bad fortunes patch'd;
Would you promise me never again from this day,
To reckon your chickens before they are hatch'd.

(Egg

(Egg Man.)

With the greatest of pleasure, so give us thy hand,
 From this time hence forward I'll prize a low state;
 For though we've no titles, no houses or lands,
 We've none of the troubles that follow the great:
 As for Sukey, by she I have done very bad,
 But my cousin, Jack Ratling, with her shall be
 match'd;
 I know that he loves her, and Jack is a lad
 That ne'er reckons his chickens before they are
 hatch'd.

S O N G.

HARK! THE BELLS ARE RINGING.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

HARK! the bells are a ringing,
 The sweet carols singing,
 The wedding now passes,
 The lads and the lasses,
 All trim and all neat,
 Lightly trip with their feet,
 And join the brisk prancers,
 Of quick morris dancers,
 Our 'squire's to be married to-day.

The

The lark mounting high,
 Now reaches the sky,
 And joins in the musical lay;
 Now swelling each note,
 And warbling her throat,
 With the village is joyful and gay.

S O N G.

THE FAITHFUL NYMPH.

Written by Miss Seward.

ESCAP'D my love the cannon's ire,
 That thunders o'er the troubled main?
 Escap'd my love the fever's fire,
 That burns so fierce on India's plains?
 That face grows wan by sultry clime,
 By watching, dim, those radiant eyes;
 But love disdains the rage of time,
 Tho' youth decays, tho' beauty flies.

O! if he has, I can resign
 With scarce a sigh the blooming grace,
 That in his form was wont to shine;
 That made so fair his youthful face:
 An honest heart is all to me,
 Nor soil nor time makes that look old:
 And dearer shall the jewel be,
 Than youth or beauty, fame or gold.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE GONDOLIER.

Sung by Mr. Bannister.

SOON as the busy day is o'er,
And evening comes with pleasant shade,
We gondoliers, from shore to shore,
Merrily ply our jovial trade.

And while the moon shines on the stream,
And as soft music breathes around,
The feathering oar returns the gleam,
And dips in concert to the sound.

Down by some convent's mould'ring walls
Oft' we hear the enamour'd youth—
Softly the watchful fair he calls,
Who whispers vows of love and truth.
And while the moon, &c.

And oft' where the Rialto swells,
With happier pairs we circle round,
Whose secret sighs fond echo tells,
Whose murmur'd vows she bids resound.
And while the moon, &c.

Then joys the youth, that love conceal'd,
That fearful love must own its sighs;
Then smiles the maid to hear reveal'd,
How more than ever she complies.
And while the moon, &c.

S O N G.

OLD CHAIRS TO MEND.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

LIKE mine, to botch is each man's fate,
Each toils in his vocation—
One man tinkers up the state,,
Another mends the nation :
Your parsons preach to mend the heart,
They cobble heads at College;
Physicians patch with terms of art,
And latin, want of knowledge.
But none for praise can more contend
Than I,
Who cry
Old chairs to mend.

Your lawyers tools are flaws and pleas
They manners mend by dancing ;
Wigs are patches for degrees—
And lovers use romancing :
Fortunes are mended up and made,
Too frequently with places ;
With rouge, when their complexions fade,
Some ladies mend their faces.
But none for praise can more contend
Than I,
Who cry.
Old chairs to mend.

SONG.

(19)

S O N G.

WE BE DE MERRY SAVOYARD.

Sung in the Picture of Paris.

WE be de merry Savoyard,
Born on the alpy mountain head,
But as we found the living hard,
We come to de France to get de bread;
De fong, de dance be our reward,
We be de merry favoyard.

We be de merry favoy child,
By de want and hunger led;
Born in de alpy mountain wild,
Come to de France to get de bread:
De fong, de dance be our reward,
We be de merry favoyard.

S O N G.

DONALD, THE YOUNG HIGHLAND LAD.

Sung at Vauxhall.

IKEN that Will's a bonny youth,
And often drives the lassies mad;
But canna woo its muckle truth,
Like Donald the young highland lad.

Then

Then Donald is a foldier too,
 And looks fae braw in tartan plaid;
 O ne'er a laddy e'er can woo,
 Like Donald, the young highland lad.

And e're with sic a lover part,
 I'll gang to war—like Donald clad,
 And kill the man that aims a dart.
 At Donald, the young highland lad.

I dinna care what fowks may fay,
 I'll haft to kirk wi' spirit glad,
 Then o'er the grassy mountains stray,
 Wi' Donald, the young highland lad.

S O N G.

SECOND ODE OF SAPPHO.

Sung at Freemasons'-Hall.

BLEST as th' immortal gods is he,
 The youth who fondly sits by thee,
 And hears and sees thee all the while,
 Softly speak and sweetly smile.

'Twas this depriv'd my soul of rest,
 And rais'd such tumults in my breast;
 For while I gaz'd in transport tost,
 My breath was gone, my voice was lost.

My

My bosom glow'd a subtle flame,
Ran quick thro' all my vital frame;
O'er my dim eyes a darkness hung,
My ears with hollow murmurs rung.

In dewy damps my limbs were chill'd,
My blood with gentle horror thrill'd;
My feeble pulse forgot to play,
I fainted, sunk, and died away.

S O N G.

I THINK I'LL VENTURE TO SURMISE.

Sung by Mrs. Bland and Mr. Dignum.

I THINK I'll venture to surmise,
I know who'll speak the first,
You think no doubt you're wond'rous wife,
Before I speak I'll burst,
Depend on't you will have the worst:
Can you your tongue keep in?
Yes, when shall we begin?
When I hold up my thumb,
Agreed, agreed,
Now take heed,
Mum, mum, mum, mum, mum.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE PLAYTHINGS OF LIFE.

Sung by Mrs. Wrighten.

ALL men are mere children, all women the same,
 Who, increasing in years get a different name;
 But still the pursuit of each great girl or boy,
 Is after some pretty fantastic new toy,
 Which, when first obtain'd, for a moment they prize,
 Yet the next they destroy, or neglect, or despise;
 While the world's one large nurs'ry of envy and strife,
 Where the bantlings contend for the playthings of life.

What more than mere toys, tho' of such high renown,
 Are the bishop's lawn sleeves or the judge's fur'd gown?
 What coronets, mitres, wigs, patches, or wands,
 What ribbands, or medals, caps, tassels, and bands?
 What all tinsel of state, jewels, garters and strings,
 Which kings can bestow, and which deck even kings?
 Yet these are the baubles that generate strife,
 Among children who pant for the playthings of life!

Hark! mortals, your passions for gew-gaws repress,
 To few be attach'd, nor those to excess;
 For excess will to evil convey ev'ry good,
 Your joy turn to anguish, to poison your food:
 While the choice, made with prudence, by prudence
 confm'd,
 Bids the body feel bliss, without paining the mind;
 And thus wife to husband, and husband to wife,
 Prove the best and most permanent playthings of life.

SONG.

S O N G.

SHEEP-SHEARING.

Sung in the Winter's Tale.

COME, come, my good shepherds, our flocks we
 must shear,
 In your holiday suits with your lasses appear ;
 The happiest of folks are the guiltless and free,
 And who are so guiltless, so happy as we?

We harbour no passions by luxury taught,
 We practise no arts with hypocrisy fraught ;
 What we think in our hearts you may read in our eyes,
 For, knowing no falsehood, we need no disguise.

By mode and caprice are the city dames led,
 But we as the children of nature are bred—
 By her hands alone we are painted and drest ;
 For the roses will bloom, when there's peace in the breast.

The giant, ambition, we never can dread,
 Our roofs are too low for so lofty a head ;
 Content and sweet cheerfulness open our door,
 They smile with the simple and feed with the poor.

When love has possess'd us, that love we reveal,
 Like the flocks that we feed are the passions we feel ;
 So harmless and simple we sport and we play,
 And leave to fine folk to deceive and betray.

SONG.

S O N G.

MAD MARY.

HARD beats the rain, and bleak blows the wind,
 Cold is my heart, oppress'd by despair;
 Yet for each blast I've a sigh you shall find,
 And ev'ry drop I'll repay with a tear.

Henry has banish'd content from my breast,
 Pityless leaves me to wander alone;
 Ah! cruel shepherd, how can'st thou molest,
 The peace of a maiden whose heart was thy own.

Once on a time when love was unknown,
 Where was the damsel so happy as I?
 But Henry deceiv'd, and contentment is flown,
 Sighs fill my bosom and anguish my eye.

I had twist'd a garland and sent to my love,
 Fair were the flowers and dropping with dew;
 Mark well the issue, ye maids of the grove,
 Th' flow'rs still were fresh when the swain prov'd
 untrue.

Wreath'd round my brow appears the sad willow,
 One sprig of cypress I wear at my breast;
 Some friendly turf I will seek for my pillow,
 There lay my sorrows for ever to rest.

SONG.

S O N G.

ALONE BY THE LIGHT OF THE MOON.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

THE day is departed and round from the cloud,
 The moon in her beauty appears;
 The voice of the nightingale warbles around,
 The music of love in our ears:
 Maria appears, now the season so sweet,
 With the beat of the heart is in tune;
 The time is so tender for lovers to meet,
 Alone by the light of the moon.

I cannot when present unfold what I feel,
 I sigh—can a lover do more?
 Her name to the shepherds I never reveal,
 Yet I think of her all the day o'er:
 Maria, my love, do you long for the grove,
 Do you sigh for an interview soon?
 Does ere a kind thought run on me as you rove,
 Alone by the light of the moon?

Your name from the shepherds whenever I hear,
 My bosom is all in a glow;
 Your voice when it vibrates so sweet thro' my ear,
 My heart thrills, my eyes overflow:
 Ye powers of the sky, will your bounty divine,
 Indulge a fond lover his boon?
 Shall heart spring to heart, and Maria be mine,
 Alone by the light of the moon.

C.S.

C

SONG.

(26)

S O N G.

THE PILGRIM.

Sung by Mrs. Billington.

I TRAVERS'D Judah's barren fand,
At beauty's altar to adore!
But there the Turk had spoil'd the land,
And Sion's daughters weep no more.

In Greece the bold imperious mein,
The wanton look, the leering eye,
Bade love's devotion not be seen,
Where constancy is never nigh.

From thence to Italy's fair shore,
I bent my never ceasing way,
And to Loretto's temple bore,
A mind devoted still to pray.

But there, too, superstition's hand,
Had sickly'd ev'ry feature o'er,
And made me soon regain the land,
Where beauty fills the western shore.

Where Hymen, with celestial pow'r,
Connubial transport doth adorn;
Where purest virtue sports the hour,
That ushers in each happy morn.

Ye daughters of old Albion's isle,
Where'er I go, where'er I stray,
Oh! charity's sweet children smile,
To cheer a pilgrim on his way.

SONG.

S O N G.

'TIS IN VAIN FOR SUCCOUR CALLING.

Sung in the Woodman.

'TIS in vain for succour calling,
Hope no more my bosom cheers;
Cruel fate that bliss appalling,
With her scroll of joyless years:
Come, despair and distraction, confound me,
Add still to my life's wretched load;
And while your mix'd horrors surround me,
This desert of wildness shall be my abode.

S O N G.

NEW ROUNDELAY.

Sung in the Battle of Hexham.

D RIFTED snow no more is seen,
Blust'ring winter passes by;
Merry spring comes, clad in green,
While wood-larks pour their melody:
I hear him—hark!
The merry lark,
Calls us to the new mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the golden sun appears
On the mountains furly brow,
When his jolly beams he rears,
Darting joy behold them now :
Then, then - Oh! hark,
The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

When the village-boy to field
Tramps it with the buxom lads,
Fain she would not seem to yield,
Yet gets tumbled on the grass;
Then, then—Oh! hark,
The merry lark,
While they tumble in the hay,
Pipes alone his roundelay.

What are honors, what's a court?
Calm content is worth them all;
Our honor lies in cudgel sport,
Our brightest court a greensword ball:
But then—Oh! hark,
The merry lark,
Calls us to the new-mown hay,
Piping to our roundelay.

S O N G.

MEDLEY OF LOVERS.

Sung in Sherwood Forest.

WHEN the men a courting came,
Flatt'ring with their prittle prattle,
Of their fool'ries I made game,
Rallied with my tittle tattle:
Cooing to me,
Wooing to me,
Teazing of me,
Pleasing of me,
Offering pelf,
Each filly elf,
Came cooing, wooing, and bowing to me.

The divine, with locks demure,
Talk'd of tythes and eating plenty;
Shew'd the profits of his cure,
And vow'd to treat me with each dainty.
Cooing to me, &c.

The learned ferjeant of the law,
Shew'd his parchments, briefs, and papers;
In his deeds I found a flaw,
So dismiss'd him in the vapours.
Cooing to me, &c.

Phyfic now displays his wealth,
With his nostrums—but the fact is,
I resolv'd to keep my health,
Nor die a martyr to his practice.

Cooing to me, &c.

But at last a swain bow'd low,
Candid, handsome, tall and clever,
Squeez'd my hand—I can't tell how,
But he won my heart for ever.

Cooing to me,
Wooing to me;
Teazing of me,
Pleasing of me,
Offering pelf,
Each silly elf;

I sent all other wooers from me.

S O N G.

THE STRAYED LAMBKIN.

WHEN o'er the green meadows I stray
With Phillis, my shepherdess fair;
What thought can embitter the way,
When all that I wish for is there.

Her features simplicity speak,
Not more for the lambkin she tends;
And with the soft rose on her cheek,
True beauty with innocence blends.

The

The first time I saw the dear maid,
 In sorrow she dropt a sad tear,
 For late from her flock was then stray'd
 A lamb, and she could not tell where.

I said to the fair one, awhile
 Rest here, and the pasture I'll roam,
 And sure you will grant me a smile,
 Should I bring you the wanderer home.

When soon the stray'd bleater I found,
 But found him, alas! in a brook,
 Who sure in the stream had been drown'd—
 But I sav'd the poor thing with my crook.

Quick back to my Phillis I ran,
 To thank me I saw she would speak;
 But, ere the dear charmer began,
 I stole a sweet kiss from her cheek.

For sweet as the morn-scented rose
 Is Phillis, the gentle and kind,
 Her beauty's but equal'd by those
 Rich virtues that dwell in her mind.

. S O N G .

CHARMING SALLY.

NO nymph that trips the verdant plain,
 With Sally can compare;
 She wins the hearts of all the swains,
 And rivals all the fair.
 The beams of Sol delight and cheer,
 While summer seasons roll,
 But Sally's smiles can all the year,
 Give pleasure to the soul.

When from the East, the morning ray
 Illumes the world below,
 Her presence bids the god of day,
 With emulation glow:
 Fresh beauties deck the painted ground,
 And birds sweet notes prepare;
 The playful lambkins skip around,
 And hail their sister fair.

The lark but strains his liquid throat,
 To bid the maid rejoice,
 And mimicks, while he swells his note,
 The sweetness of her voice:
 The fanning zephyrs round her play,
 While Flora sheds perfume,
 And ev'ry flow'ret seems to say,
 I bud for Sally's bloom.

The am'rous youths her charms proclaim,
 From morn to eve their tale;
 Her beauty and unspotted fame,
 Make vocal ev'ry vale:
 The stream meandring thro' the mead,
 Her echo'd name conveys;
 And ev'ry voice, and ev'ry reed,
 Is tun'd to Sally's praise.

No more shall blithsome lads and swain,
 To mirthful wake resort;
 Nor ever May-morn on the plain,
 Advance in rural sport:
 No more shall gush the purling rill,
 Nor music wake the grove;
 Nor flocks look snow-like on the hill,
 When I forget to love.

S O N G.

THE REQUEST.

INDULGENT pow'rs, if ever,
 You mark a tender vow,
 Oh, bend in kind compassion,
 And hear a lover now.

For titles, wealth, and honor,
 While others croud your shrine,
 I ask this only blessing,
 Let her I love be mine.

S O N G.

THE BRUNETTE.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

MY heart's soft emotions admit no disguise,
 To cheat the poor nymph of the plain;
 For the passion I feel is confess'd by my eyes,
 And love shews the wound of the swain:
 And such were my plaints when I happily met
 The arch hazel eyes of my lovely Brunette.

Would you know all the magic that lives in her mien,
 By which my fond heart she has won;
 Go take (like the Grecian) each beauty that's seen,
 And comprize all their graces in one:
 Then wonder, like me, at the pleasure fraught Bet,
 And wear the soft chains of the lovely Brunette.

The wandering kiddings that sport on the hills,
 Leave their browling to list to her lay;
 She charms the swift course of the murmuring rills,
 And arrests the bright chariot of day:
 The wind stops, enraptur'd, to list to my Bet,
 And gratefully fan the accomplish'd Brunette.

Had I all the wealth that stern avarice sought,
 When he ravag'd the glittering mine;
 Had I all the treasures that Cræsus had bought,
 The gems, my sweet girl, should be thine:
 But trifles, like these, are despis'd by my Bet,
 For merit alone wins the lovely Brunette.

S O N G.

SECOND THOUGHTS ARE BEST.

Sung at Vauxhall.

YOUNG Colin was as blithe a lad,
 As ever trod the daisy'd plain,
 Each blooming virgin's heart was glad,
 Whene'er he tun'd his sylvan strain:
 Ah! when, he cry'd, will Kate comply,
 And make her lover truly blest?
 You've promis'd long -O yes, said I,
 'Tis true—but second thoughts are best.

Now Lubin was a slightly swain,
 Well form'd to win a maiden's mind,
 And all the lasses of the plain,
 Did vie to make the shepherd kind:
 But, vain of conquest, female pride
 Looks lightly on the prize possess;
 So, when he woo'd, I still reply'd,
 No, Lubin, second thoughts are best.

I found my vain coquetish art
 Eclips'd the hope of future joy ;
 For, O! it stung me to the heart,
 To see him with my rivals toy :
 I therefore, blushing, smil'd consent,
 And, yielding to his fond request,
 Well pleas'd to church with Lubin went,
 Convinc'd that—second thoughts are best.

S O N G.

MELISSA.

By Dr. Blackloch.

YE rivers so limpid and clear,
 Who reflect, as in cadence you flow,
 All the beauties that vary the year ;
 All the flow'rs on your margins that grow :
 How blest on your banks could I dwell,
 Were Melissa the pleasure to share,
 And teach your sweet echoes to tell
 With what fondness I doat on the fair.

Ye harvests that wave in the breeze,
 As far as the view can extend !
 Ye mountains, umbrageous with trees,
 Whose tops so majestic ascend :
 Your landscape what joy to survey,
 Were Melissa with me to admire ;
 Then the harvest would glitter, how gay !
 How majestic the mountains aspire.

In

In pensive regret whilst I rove,
 The fragrance of flow'rs to inhale;
 Or watch from the pasture and grove,
 Each music that floats on the gale:
 Alas! the delusion how vain!
 Nor odours nor harmony please
 A heart agonizing with pain,
 Which tries ev'ry posture for ease.

If anxious to flatter my woes,
 Or the langour of absence to cheer,
 Her breath I would catch in the rose,
 Or her voice in the nightingale hear:
 To cheat my despair of its prey,
 What object her charms can assume?
 How harsh is the nightingale's lay,
 How insipid the rose's perfume.

Ye zephyrs that visit my fair,
 Ye sun-beams around her that play,
 Does her sympathy dwell on my care,
 Does she number the hours of my stay?
 First perish ambition and wealth,
 First perish all else that is dear,
 Ere one sigh should escape her by stealth,
 Ere my absence should cost her one tear.

When, when shall her beauties once more,
 This desolate bosom surprise?
 Ye fates, the blest moments restore
 When I bask'd in the beams of her eyes:
 When, with sweet emulation of heart,
 Our kindness we struggled to show;
 But the more that we strove to impart,
 We felt it more ardently glow.

S O N G.

THE WATERMAN.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I WAS, d'ye see, a waterman,
As tight and spruce as any;
From Richmond town
To Horslydown,
I turn'd an honest penny;
None could of fortune's favors brag,
More than could lucky I;
My cot was snug, well fill'd my cag,
My grunter in my sty:
With wherry tight,
And bosom light,
I cheerfully did tow;
And to complete this princely life,
Sure never man had friend or wife
Like my Poll and my partner Joe.

I roll'd in joys like these awhile,
Folks far and near carefs'd me;
'Till woe is me.
So lubberly,
The vermin came and press'd me:
How could I all these pleasures leave,
How with my wherry part?
I never so took on to grieve,
It wrung my very heart:

But

But when on board,
 They gave the word,
 To foreign parts to go;
 I ru'd the moment I was born,
 That I should ever thus be torn,
 From my Poll and my partner Joe.

I did my duty manfully,
 While on the billows rolling,
 And, night or day,
 Could find the way
 Blindfold to the main-top bowling;
 Thus all the dangers of the main,
 Quickfands and gales of wind;
 I brav'd, in hopes to taste again,
 Those joys I left behind:
 In climes afar,
 The hottest war,
 Pour'd broadsides on the foe;
 I will my perils all relate,
 As by my side attentive sat
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

At last it pleas'd his Majesty,
 To give peace to the nation;
 And honest hearts,
 From foreign parts,
 Came home for consolation:
 Like lightning for I felt new life,
 Now safe from war's alarms,
 I return'd and found my friend and wife,
 Lock'd in each others arms:

Yet

Yet fancy not,
 I bore this lot,
 For him a lubber—no;
 For seeing I was finely trick'd,
 Plump to the devil I boldly kick'd
 My Poll and my partner Joe.

S O N G.

THE STOLEN KISS.

ON a mossy bank reclin'd,
 Beauteous Chloe lay reposing;
 O'er her breast each am'rous wind,
 Wanton play'd, its sweets disclosing:
 Tempted with the swelling charms,
 Colin, happy swain, drew nigh her,
 Softly stole into her arms,
 Laid his script and sheep-hook by her.

O'er her downy panting breast,
 His delighted fingers roving;
 To her lips his lips he prest,
 In the ecstasy of loving:
 Chloe, waken'd with his kiss,
 Pleas'd yet frowning, to conceal it;
 Cry'd, true lovers share the bliss,
 Why then, Colin, would you steal it.

SONG.

(41)

S O N G.

THE KISS REPAID.

CHLOE, by that borrow'd kiss,
I, alas, am quite undone;
'Twas so sweet, so fraught with bliss,
Thousands will not pay that one.

Left the debt should break your heart,
Roguish Chloe smiling, cries
Come, a thousand then in part,
For the present shall suffice.

S O N G.

THE IMAGINARY KISS.

WHEN Fanny I saw, as she tripp'd o'er the green,
Fair, blooming, soft, artless, and kind;
Fond love in her eyes, wit and sense in her mien,
And warmth with modesty join'd:
Transported with sudden amazement I stood,
Fast rivetted down to the place;
Her delicate shape, easy motion, I view'd,
And wander'd o'er every grace.

Ye Gods! what luxuriance of beauty, I cry,
What raptures must dwell in her arms;
On her lip I could feast, on her breast I could die,
O, Fanny, how sweet are thy charms:
Whilst thus in idea my passion I fed,
Soft transport my senses invade;
Young Damon stepped up, with the substance he fled,
And left me to kiss the dear shade.

S O N G.

THE MEETING KISS.

LET me fly into thy arms,
Let me taste again thy charms;
Kiss me, press me to thy breast,
In rapture not to be express.

Let me clasp thy lovely waist,
Throw thy arms around my neck;
Thus embracing and embrac'd,
Nothing shall our rapture check.

Hearts with mutual pleasure glowing,
Lips with lips together growing,
Eyes with tears of gladness flowing;
Eyes, and lips, and hearts, shall show,
The joy that meeting lovers know.

SONG.

S O N G.

SWEET NAN OF HAMPTON-GREEN.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WITH care I search'd the village round,
 And many hamlets tried;
 At last a fair I hap'ly found,
 Devoid of art and pride:
 In neat built cot,
 It is her lot,
 A rustic life to lead;
 With tender care,
 Her lambkins rear,
 And watch her ewes at feed:
 Where Thames in silver current flows,
 To beautify the scene,
 There blooms this fair, a blushing rose,
 Sweet Nan of Hampton-Green.

Her eyes bespeak a soul for love,
 Her manner form'd to please;
 In mildness equal to the dove,
 With innocence and ease:
 To paint her face,
 Her form and grace,
 All words are weak and vain;
 Enough to tell,
 She does excell,
 The daughter of the main.

Where Thames, &c.

When first this charmer I survey'd,
 With doubt my heart was fraught;
 Fancy the beauteous maid pourtray'd,
 A goddess to my thought:
 In am'rous bliss,
 I stole a kiss,
 Which banish'd all alarms;
 Then joyful found,
 My wishes crown'd—
 A mortal in my arms.

Where Thames, &c.

S O N G.

CHARMING KITTY.

Sung at Vauxhall.

THOU' many a nymph may grace my song,
 For shape, and grace, and features handsome,
 Yet, Kate, such charms to thee belong,
 As well are worth a monarch's ransom:
 And had I India's wealth in store,
 I'd shun with joy the court or city,
 And live sequester'd evermore,
 With thee, sweet maid, my charming Kitty.

I many an acre, Kate, can boast,
 Large tracts of land, and golden treasure;
 Then come, sweet girl, I love thee most,
 I'll lay it at thy feet with pleasure:

For

For thee I'll e'en the sex resign.

The fair, the brown, the gay, the witty,
If thou'lt be mine, and only mine,
Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

Then leave the shepherds, bonny Kate.

Lay by thy crook, each care give over;
And let me henceforth on thee wait,
A task, how pleasing to a lve !
My life I'll dedicate to thee,
And sing thee oft' a tender ditty,
If thou'lt consent to live with me,
Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

S O N G.

HENRY.

Sung at Vauxhall.

MY heart from my bosom wou'd fly,
And wander, oh! wander afar,
Reflection bedews my sad eye,
For Henry is gone to the war.

Oh! ye winds, to my Henry bear
One drop, let it fall on his breast;
The tear, as a pearl he will wear,
And I in remembrance be blest.

In vain smiles the glittering scene,
In vain blooms the roseat flow'r;
The sunshine of April's not seen,
I have only to do with the show'r.

Oh, ye winds, &c.

Ye winds that have borne him away,
Restore my dear youth to my arms;
Restore me to sunshine and day—
'Tis night 'till my Henry returns.

Oh, ye winds, &c.

S O N G.

SELIM'S COMPLAINT.

NIGHT o'er the world her curtain hung,
The vale was silent, late so gay;
The bird of eve melodious sung
Her anthem at the finish'd day:
When Selim, on a bank reclin'd,
Beneath a spreading willow tree,
Thus spoke the feelings of his mind—
'Oh! Lucy, shed a tear for me.'

Yes, had I all that heav'n could give,
Were my possessions rich and great,
Then for my Lucy would I live,
Then at her feet a suppliant wait:
But, since hard poverty's my lot,
No hope remains to wed with thee;
Thy beauties ne'er can grace my cot—
'Oh! Lucy, shed a tear for me.'

Depriv'd

Depriv'd of all that life could bless,
 The torment, life, no more I crave;
 The hour that offers happiness,
 Is that which marks my hapless grave:
 Be each fond with enjoy'd of thine,
 May heav'n protect and comfort thee!
 The turf must press this head of mine—
 'Oh! Lucy, shed a tear for me.'

S O N G.

THE ROSE BUD.

Sung at Vauxhall.

LOUISA, see the budding rose,
 How bright beneath the bush it blows!
 How safely there it lurks conceal'd,
 How quickly blasted when reveal'd.

The sun with warm attractive rays,
 Tempts it to wanton in the blaze;
 A blast descend from eastern skies,
 And all the blushing radiance dies.

Then guard, my fair, your charms divine,
 And check the fond desire to shine,
 Where fame's transporting rays allure—
 Rest here more happy, more secure.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE BRAES OF YARROW.

BUSK ye, busk ye, my bonie, bonie bride,
 And dry your eyes wi' anguish streaming;
 For our approach, all eyes on Clyde
 Are now wi' expectation beaming:
 There we'll enjoy the merry day—
 (But here your days are dimm'd wi' sorrow)
 There pass in love the night away,
 And think nae mair on gloomy Yarrow.

How can I busk a bonie, bonie bride,
 Or how can I restrain frae weeping—
 When he is tofs'd on ocean wide,
 Who has my waefu' heart in keeping!
 A! lang, lang, maun I view, wi' pain,
 The stream made bitter wi' my sorrow!
 And, for his coming, lang in vain,
 Look frae the flow'ry banks of Yarrow.

Yet leave me still a weeping maid,
 By Yarrow's lonely waves to languish;
 For, sooner than consent to wed,
 The grave shall bury a' my anguish:
 Thro' apprehension's shadows gloom
 Dark o'er the night of deep'ning sorrow,
 Yet, true to love, I'll press the tomb,
 And him that won my heart on Yarrow.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE WILLOW OF THE DEE.

THE sun descending thro' the sky,
 Had warn'd the tuneful choir to rest;
 The star of eve unfolding high,
 In glitt'ring splendor grac'd the west:
 When, all despairing and forlorn,
 A beauteous maid I chanc'd to see,
 In wildest notes she seem'd to mourn,
 Beside the willow of the Dee.

Ah! Jemmy, why—she fondly cry'd,
 From these lone arms do you delay;
 And fear not I shall angry chide,
 With tears your long and ling'ring stay;
 With glory's laurel to be crown'd,
 Has stole your fickle heart from me;
 And I alone am weeping found,
 Beside the willow of the Dee.

I vainly hop'd a swift return,
 When you to battle glowing went;
 But now I fear to view your urn,
 To sorrowing love and friendship sent:
 Then shall these roses lose their bloom,
 To death's cold hand I soon shall flee;
 And pitying love shall mark my tomb,
 Beside the willow of the Dee.

C. S.

D

SONG.

(50)

S O N G.

K A T E.

Sung by Miss George.

TWAS near a sea-beat rock reclin'd,
The beauteous love-lorn Kate;
She had no friend to sooth her mind,
But mourn'd her hapless fate.

Her only love was out at sea,
Far from his native shore;
In tears she wept her sorrows free,
Left he return no more.

Thus would she sigh the live long day,
For dangers he may prove;
While sorrow mark'd her lonely way,
With firm unshaken love.

Tho' hope oft' bade her cares to cease,
And check'd the falling tear;
Yet, ah! in vain, the hours of peace
Appear no longer near.

So droops the primrose in the vale,
So fades the new-blown rose,
When tempests and rude winds assail,
Their sweets no more disclose.

Then farewell, Kate, let pity cheer,
And sooth thee with address;
So may each future day appear
One scene of happiness.

SONG.

(51)

S O N G.

VIRTUOUS LOVE.

HOW sweet is love when virtue guides,
How tranſient is the mind;
Smooth as the ſummer's peaceful tides,
As grateful and as kind.

The morning breaks ſerenely clear,
We welcome in the day;
The ev'ning comes without a fear,
The night our toils repay.

But ſad reverſe where vice appears,
With all her ſcorpion train;
Joyleſs we paſs our prime of years,
And end a life in pain.

S O N G.

THE WISH.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

HOW few know how to value life,
And taſte its real joys;
Unmix'd with jealouſy and ſtriſe,
With anger, pride and noiſe:
Let riches, power, and pomp ſurpaſs,
And ſcorn me if they pleaſe;
Let me love, laugh, and take my glaſs,
And lead a life of eaſe.

Limpid and pure life's current seems,
 'Till passion's wild mistake,
 In madness troubles all the streams,
 Of which he must partake:
 Let riches, pow'r, and pomp surpass,
 And scorn me if they please;
 Let me love, laugh and take my glass,
 And lead a life of ease.

S O N G.

THE AFFECTIONATE SOLDIER.

TWAS in the evening of a wint'ry day,
 When safe returning from a long campaign,
 Allen o'ertoil'd and weary with the way,
 Came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,
 And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes;
 But she receiv'd him with a modest frown—
 She knew not Allen in his rough disguise.

His hair was knotted and his beard unshorn,
 His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung;
 A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,
 And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd by this cruel trade,
 That you your faithful Allen have forgot;
 Or has your heart to some other stray'd?
 Ah! why did I escape the murd'ring shot.

When

When this he spake, her wonted colour fled,
 She ran and sunk upon her Allen's breast;
 All pale awhile, she look'd like one that's dead,
 He kiss'd, she breath'd, and all her love confess'd.

Yes, my delight, tho' alter'd as thou art,
 Reduc'd by honest courage to this strait;
 Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,
 My long lost husband, and my wish'd for mate.

S O N G.

MY DEAR, HOW D'YE DO?

Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.

TO hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,
 This morning I put on my bonnet,
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it!
 When the captain appears in my view:
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,
 My heart beat in strange palpitation,
 I blush'd like a pink, or carnation,
 When he said, my dear, how d'ye do?

The dickens, says I, here has popp'd him,
 He thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,
 So my very best curtsy I dropt him,
 With air then he took off his hat:
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,
 He squeez'd my hand—how my heart panted,
 He ask'd for a kiss, which I granted,
 And, pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me,
 No, dem him, he'd never forsake me,
 And then on his knee he stoop'd down;
 His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,
 I ne'er can be kifs'd by a clown.

S O N G.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

Sung at Ranelagh.

THE smiling morn, the blooming spring,
 Invite the cheerful birds to sing;
 And, while they warble on each spray,
 Love melts the universal lay:
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,
 Like them improve the hour that flies,
 And in soft raptures waste the day,
 Among the birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,
 And age, life's winter, will appear;
 At this thy living bloom will fade,
 As that will strip the verdant shade:
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,
 The feather'd songsters are no more;
 And when they droop, and we decay,
 Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,
 Gambol and dance about their dams.
 The busy bee, with humming noise.
 And all the reptile kind rejoice ;
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,
 About the birks of Endermay.

S O N G.

M A R I A.

TWAS near a thicket's calm retreat,
 Under a poplar tree,
 Maria chose her wretched seat,
 To mourn her sorrows free :
 Her lovely form was sweet to view,
 As dawn at op'ning day ;
 But, ah ! she mourn'd, her love not true,
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,
 In murmurs smooth along ;
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,
 Had now forgot its song ;
 No more to charm the vale she tries,
 For grief has fill'd her breast ;
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize,
 But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid ! who can behold
 Thy sorrows so severe,
 And hear thy love-lorn story told,
 Without a falling tear :
 Maria, luckless maid, adieu,
 Thy sorrows soon must cease,
 For heaven will take a maid so true,
 To everlasting peace.

S O N G.

THE COT OF LAURA.

YOUNG Laura was a lovely lass,
 Her charms all fancy did surpass,
 She was as fair as Flora ;
 Each village swain with verse and song,
 Enraptur'd morn and eve did throng,
 Around the cot of Laura.

Young Roger by her charms was mov'd,
 Tho' late it was he swore he lov'd,
 The pretty black-ey'd Norah ;
 She mourn'd the falsehood of the swain,
 Who for his part now strove in vain,
 To gain the heart of Laura.

Each

Each morn to her he paid his vows,
 With awkward scrapes and cringing bows,
 And swore he hated Norah;
 But all was vain, she heeded not,
 And told him 'twould not be his lot,
 To gain the cot of Laura.

Young Phelim was a brisk young swain,
 He lov'd the lass, nor lov'd in vain,
 He paid his vows before her;
 She blush'd consent, nor did she chide,
 He soon at church made her his bride,
 And gain'd the cot of Laura.

S O N G.

Sung by Miss Poole.

WHILE Strephon thus you tease me,
 To say what won my heart;
 It cannot sure be treason,
 If I the truth impart:
 It was your gen'rous nature,
 Bold, soft, sincere and gay;
 It shone in ev'ry feature,
 And stole my heart away.

'Twas not your voice, tho' charming,
 'Twas not your smile, tho' bright;
 'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming,
 Nor beauty's dazzling light.
 No--'t was your gen'rous nature, &c.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining,
 Nor shape that won my heart :
 'Twas not your tongue combining,
 For that might please by art.
 No—'twas your gen'rous nature, &c.

S O N G.

PHEBE OF THE VALE.

YOUNG William, frolicksome and gay,
 Was crossing o'er a stile,
 His heart and thoughts were blithe as May,
 Unus'd to care and toil :
 His gen'rous breast, by nature taught,
 To list to others woes,
 The widows 'plaints his feelings caught,
 For who can them oppose.

Sweet Phebe tripping o'er the lawn,
 Was notic'd by our swain,
 She fill'd his breast soon with love's thorns,
 He look'd, and look'd again ;
 Oh ! heav'n-born maid, ah, prithee stay,
 Let nature now prevail ;
 Tell me your name.—the nymph did say,
 'Tis Phebe of the vale.

Then, gentle Phebe, quick instill,
 Some pity in your breast ;
 What throbbing pains now mine do fill,
 Indeed 'tis robb'd of rest :

Never 'till now, sweet lovely maid,
 Did love my breast affail,
 Ah! don't sincerity upbraid,
 Sweet Phebe of the vale.

Ah, no, she cry'd, forbid it love, .
 That I should cruel be;
 There is but one my breast can move,
 And that, sweet youth is thee:
 What joys, says William, fills my breast,
 Since nature will prevail;
 For ev'ry virtue is possest,
 By Phebe of the vale.

S O N G.

THE CONTENTED PEASANT.

THE dear domestic joys of life,
 Are worth a thousand others;
 A tender mate who loves not strife,
 Kind sisters and good brothers.

No peevish passions break our peace,
 Or raise contentious storm;
 But what we know will serve or please,
 Our ready hands perform.

We never faunter out by day,
 Or do our work by halves;
 I mind the sheep, the corn, the hay,
 My wife the cows and calves.

The field, the dairy, and the flock,
 Our honest wealth create:
 Our children, servants, and our flock,
 Are our affairs of state.

At op'ning day we greet the fun,
 And rise refresh'd and healthy;
 And find that 'tis by duty done,
 We grow both wise and wealthy.

Thus thro' a lengthen'd line of years,
 We've all our wishes crave:
 And blest with more than hopes or fears,
 We find a peaceful grave.

S O N G;

COLIN THAT LIVES IN THE VALE.

Sung by Miss Bertles.

JESSAMIN sweetens the bow'r,
 And cowslips adorn the gay green;
 And the roses, refresh'd by the show'r,
 Contribute to brighten the scene:
 In a cottage retirement there lives
 Young Colin, and Phebe the fair;
 The blessings each other receives,
 In mutual enjoyment they share:
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

The sweets of contentment supply
 The splendor and grandeur of pride ;
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,
 While blest with his beautiful bride :
 His wish is no greater delight
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day ,
 And return to his Phebe at night,
 His innocent toil to repay —
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,
 They're as constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

If her lover delighted appears,
 The fair one partakes of his bliss ;
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,
 And heals ev'ry pain with a kiss :
 Ye swains, who're accusom'd to rove,
 And each innocent fair one betray ;
 From this pair learn the true joys of love,
 And his dictates with honor obey ;
 Your passions, fond shepherds, will surely prevail,
 If constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

S O N G.

SANDY OF THE GREEN.

NOW spring her sweets discloses,
 And flow'rets deck the grove ;
 I'll make, with sweetest roses,
 A garland for my love :

The

The flow'rs that scent the air,
Are not sa blooming feen,
Are not sa sweet and fair,
As sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink sa blithe and gay,
Na lad that e'er was seen,
Sa sweetly on the pipe can play,
As Sandy of the green.

As o'er the burn a maying,
I lately bent my way,
I met young Sandy straying,
Wi' lads and lasses gay :
I felt delight and pleasure,
To view his grace and mien ;
Sure then my only treasure
Is Sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink, &c.

My Sandy vows he will be mine,
The kirk shall make us one ;
And other lasses he'll resign,
And live for me alone :
There's sa much joy in store for me,
I envy not the queen :
While I am blest wi' love and thee,
Dear Sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

HA, HA, HA, HA.

YOUNG Jockey, I vow, was the bonniest lad,
 That e'er tun'd a pipe on the banks of the Tay;
 Each grace that delighted from nature he had,
 Tho' frolicksome modest; tho' diffident, gay:
 But pride in my bosom assum'd a controul,
 Compelling soft love for a time to withdraw;
 And when he assay'd to unbosom his soul,
 Coquettish I flounc'd with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

In language persuasive the shepherd oft' try'd,
 In vain to convince me how ardent his flame;
 For still his fond suit with disdain I deny'd,
 But soon found a cause my demeanour to blame:
 One eve thro' the grove as they wantonly stray'd,
 With Kate in soft converse my lover I saw;
 Then jealousy stung me, which pleas'd he survey'd,
 And carelessly jogg'd on with ha, ha, ha, ha.

A cloud of despair now envelop'd my mind,
 Contrition did sorely my conduct upbraid;
 As droops the parch'd rose, so my beauty's declin'd
 Which Jockey perceiving, soon flew to my aid:
 To church then he led me, and made me his bride,
 I freely confess that his will was my law;
 By Hymen united, all folly aside,
 We chearfully join in the ha, ha, ha, ha.

SONG.

S O N G.

PEGGY PERKINS.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

LET bards elate,
 Of Sue and Kate,
 And Moggy take their fill-o :
 And pleas'd rehearse,
 In jingling verse,
 The lads of Richmond-hill-o :
 A lass more bright,
 My am'rous flight,
 Impel'd by love's fond workings,
 Shall loudly sing,
 Like any thing,
 'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

Some men compare
 The fav'rite fair
 To ev'ry thing in nature ;
 Her eyes divine,
 Are suns that shine,
 And so on with each feature :
 Leave, leave, ye fools,
 These hackney'd rules,
 And all such subtle quirkings ;
 Sun, moon, and stars,
 Are all a farce,
 Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.

Each twanging dart
 That through my heart
 From Cupid's bow has morric'd,
 Were it a tree
 Why I should be
 For all the world a forest:
 Five hundred fops,
 With shrugs and hops,
 And leers, and smiles, and smirking,
 Most willing she
 Would leave for me—
 Oh! what a Peggy Perkins.

S O N G.

THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

HOW sweet is the joy when our blushes impart,
 The youthful affection which glows in the heart;
 When prudence and duty and reason approve,
 The timid delight of the virgin's first love.

But if the fond virgin be destin'd to feel
 A passion she must in her bosom conceal,
 Let a stern parent's anger the flame disapprove;
 Where then's the delight of the virgin's first love?

If stolen the glance by which love is confess'd,
If the sigh, when half heav'd be with terror suppress'd ;
If the whisper of passion cold caution must move,
Where then's the delight of the virgin's first love ?

Or if her fond bosom with tenderness fights
For a lover, who ceases her passion to prize,
Forgetting the vows with which warmly he strove
To gain the soft charms of the virgin's first love.

If, tempted by int'rest, he ventures to shun
The gentle affections his tenderness won,
With another thro' passion's wild mazes to rove—
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love ?

See her eye, when the tale of his treach'ry she hears,
Now beaming with scorn, and now glitt'ning with tears;
How great is the anguish she's fated to prove !
Farewell the delight of the virgin's first love.

No more sweet emotion shall glow on her cheek,
But paleness her bosom's keen agony speak,
And, dimm'd by affliction, that eye shall now prove,
Which spoke the mild warmth of the virgin's first love.

And now, sad companion of mental distress,
Disease steals upon her in health's flatt'ring dress ;
Sure the blush on that cheek ev'ry fear must remove,
Ah! no, 'tis the effects of the virgin's first love.

Still

Still brighter's the colour that glows on her cheek,
 Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak;
 Yet, vain are the hopes these appearances prove,
 Fond parent ! they spring from the virgin's first love.

And now, not unconscious that death hovers near,
 On her face see the smiles of contentment appear ;
 No struggle, no groan, his dread summons to prove,
 He ends the fond dream of the virgin's first love.]

Ye nymphs ! ere your bosoms with tenderness heave,
 Let your prudent choice a glad sanction receive,
 Lest hopeless affection's keen anguish you prove,
 And Hymen ne'er smile on the virgin's first love.

But chiefly beware that the much favor'd youth
 Is wholly devoted to you and to truth,
 Lest the anguish of slighted affection you prove,
 And death end the dream of the virgin's first love.

S O N G.

THE FAIR AND GAY.

WITHOUT a girl to toy and kiss,
 What could a mortal do ;
 'Tis beauty does enhance each bliss,
 Whatever we pursue :

Her

Her eyes direct to ev'ry joy,

Advance

They glance,

Entrance

by chance,

Their sweets can never cloy.

Then push the bumper round, my buck,

To ev'ry willing tit ;

The queen of love will send good luck,

And ev'ry fancy hit :

Then let each voice the theme prolong,

The tall,

The small,

I call,

With all.

As subject to my song.

Then let me trip in fashion's round,

Among the fair and gay ;

Where beauty constantly is found,

Th' op'ra, ball, and play :

Survey who is to sport inclin'd,

To joy,

Not coy,

Annoy

Nor cloy,

But give to love her mind.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE SCOLD.

THE plague of one's life
 Is surely a wife;
 Who still is fomenting of evil:
 From morning to night,
 All is wrong, nothing right,
 A scold is fure worse than the devil.

When I first gave a kiss,
 I thought that each bliss
 Was center'd in sweet pretty Mary;
 But now, I am wed,
 O! I wish I was dead,
 Her temper I find the contrary.

Let me say what I will,
 Her tongue won't lay still,
 Like the clack of a mill it is going;
 If I stop up my ears,
 In a rage she appears,
 And more hot then her passion is glowing.

If I go, or I stay,
 At home, or away,
 Each serves her alike for a riot;
 Tho' a foe to all strife,
 Such a devil's my wife,
 She never will let me be quiet.

SONG:

S O N G.

THE PEDLAR.

Sung in Oscar and Malvina.

I AM a jolly gay pedlar,
 Come here to sell my ware :
 Yet tho' in all things I'm a medler,
 I meddle most with the fair :
 When I shew my ribbands to misses,
 Tho' copper and filler I gain ;
 Yet better I'm pleas'd with the blisses,
 That none can not explain.

Fools say that life is but sorrow,
 And seem disciplin'd to be gay ;
 But why should we distrust to-morrow,
 When we may be happy to-day :
 I rove round the world for my pleasure,
 Resolv'd to take nothing amiss ;
 And think my existence a treasure,
 When blest with the cup and the kiss.

They surely are thick headed asses,
 Who know that youth's gone in a crack,
 Yet will not enjoy as it passes,
 The season that never comes back :
 Let time jog on slower or quicker,
 Or whether we're silly or wise ;
 We shall not be the worse for good liquor,
 Or the smile of a girl with black eyes.

S O N G.

Sung in Oscar and Malvina.

O EVER in my bosom live,
 Thou source of endless treasure!
 Since nothing else on earth can give
 So dear, so rich a treasure:
 True love perhaps may bring alarms,
 Or be but loss of reason;
 Yet still it adds to summer charms,
 And cheers the wintry season.

The lustre of the great and gay,
 Is transitory fashion;
 Whilst pure and lasting is the ray,
 Of unaffected passion:
 When danger threatens the peasant's cot,
 And cruel cares assail it,
 Affection's smiles shall sooth his lot,
 Or bid him not bewail it.

Then let us each on each rely,
 A mutual transport borrow,
 The slavish forms of life defy,
 And artificial sorrow:
 Content we'll laugh, and sport, and sing,
 Grow livelier and jocosier;
 Till time, that fleets on envious wings,
 Bind our hearts the closer.

S O N G.

STORMY LANNOW.

Sung by Mr. Harrison.

FROM thy rocks stormy Lannow I fly,
 From the rocks that are lash'd by their tide ;
 From the maid, whose cold bosom, relentless as they,
 Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride :
 Yet lonely and rude as the scene,
 Her smile to that scene could impart
 A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale ;
 But away, thou fond dream of my heart.

Now the blast of the winter comes on,
 And the waters grow dark as they rise ;
 Yet, 'tis well—they resemble the fullen disdain
 That has lower'd in those heart-piercing eyes :
 Sincere were the sighs he repress'd,
 But they rose in the days that are flown ;
 Ah ! nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou art,
 My spirit is proud as thy own.

Lo ! the wings of the sea fowl are spread,
 To escape the rough storm by their flight ;
 And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat,
 From the winds and the billows of night :
 Like them, to the home of my youth,
 Like them to its shades I retire ;
 Receive me, and shield my chill spirit, ye groves,
 From the storms of insulted desire.

S O N G.

THE BALLAD SINGERS.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

BE it known to all those whosoe'er it regards,
 That we singers of ballads were always call'd bards;
 And from Ida to Grubb-street the muses who follow
 Are, each mother's son the true spawn of Apollo:
 Thus recording great men, or a flea, or a star,
 Or the spheres, or a jew's-harp, we're all on a par;
 Nor in this do I tell you a word of a lie,
 For Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Don't you know what the antients were?—great things
 they talk'd,
 How they rode on Pegafus—that is to say, walk'd;
 That near kindred gods they drove Phœbus's chariot,
 The English of which is—they liv'd in a garret:
 And thus they went forward, Diogenes quaff'd,
 Heraclitus cried, and Democritus laugh'd,
 Menander made multitudes both laugh and cry,
 But Homer sung ballads, and so do I.

Thus did they strange whimsical notions pursue,
 Some argued on one leg, and some upon two;
 To which last my pretensions are not hypothetic,
 For 'tis certainly clear I'm a parapatetic:

C. S.

E

Lycurgus

Lycurgus and Solon 'bout laws made a pother,
Which went in at one ear, and then out at t'other,
Old songs such as mine are will nobody buy?
Come, Homer fung ballads, and so do I.

Historic was Pliny, and Plato divine,
Ovid wrote about love, and Anacreon wine;
Great Cicero argued to ev'ry man's palate,
And when he was out—'twas a hole in the ballad:
Thus to great men of old, who have made such a rout,
My claim to call cousin I've fairly made out;
And if any hereafter my right should deny,
Tell 'em Homer fung ballads and so do I.

S O N G.

THE LASS OF RICHMOND-HILL.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

ON Richmond-hill there lives a lass,
More bright than May-day morn;
Whose charms all other maids surpass,
A rose without a thorn:
This lass so neat, with smiles so sweet,
Has won my right good-will;
I'd crowns resign to call her mine,
Sweet lass of Richmond-hill.

Ye ;

Ye zephyrs gay that fan the air,
 And wanton thro' the grove,
 O whisper to my charming fair,
 I die for her and love.

This last, &c.

How happy will the shepherd be,
 Who calls this nymph his own;
 O may her choice be fix'd on me,
 Mine's fix'd on her alone.

This last, &c.

S O N G;

THE COQUET.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN youth blossom'd on me, no maiden was
 seen,
 So lively, so witty, so gay at fifteen;
 'Twas then the fine sparks of the highest degree
 Came fawning, and wooing, and begging to me—
 I blest with a smile, with a frown I could kill,
 My lovers all vied how to honor my will.

At fifteen I'd fifteen fond suitors, or more,
 At twenty I dare say not less than a score;
 But having entangled their hearts in my net,
 Determin'd in future to play the coquet;
 So, when they entreated, my answer was still,
 Indeed, Sir, not now—when it suits me I will.

My prudence I thought would reward well my pains,
 If increase of years brought an increase of swains;
 But, alas! now I find my lovers drop off,
 My rivals all jeer and exultingly scoff—
 Then think, ye fair damsels, on this maxim still,
 If you won't when you can, you can't when you will.

S O N G.

THE CHOICE,

Sung by Miss Neuman.

I'M told by the wise ones, a maid I shall die,
 They say I'm too nice, but the charge I deny;
 I know but too well how the time flies along,
 That we live but few years, and fewer are young:
 But I hate to be cheated, and never will buy
 Whole ages of sorrow for moments of joy;
 I never will wed 'till a youth I can find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

No pedant tho' learned, or foolishly gay,
 Or laughing because he has nothing to say;
 To every fair-one obliging and free,
 But never be loving to any but me—
 In whose tender bosom my soul may confide,
 Whose kindness can sooth me, whose counsels can guide;
 Such a youth I would marry, if such I could find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

From such a dear lover as here I describe,
 No danger should fright me, nor millions should bribe;
 But untill this astonishing creature I know,
 I am single and happy, and still will be so:
 You may laugh, and suppose I am nicer than wife,
 But I'll shun the dull fop, the pert coxcomb despise;
 Nor e'er will I marry 'till the youth I can find,
 Where the friend and the lover are equally join'd.

S O N G.

ARDELIA.

By George Keate, Esq.

WELCOME, to the new-born year,
 Lo! it comes, by hope attended;
 Future seasons to appear,
 All with future pleasures blended.

Mark, Ardelia, mark their brow,
 With how sweet a smile they greet us!
 O may ever time, as now,
 With so kind an aspect meet us.

Doom'd with thee my course to steer,
 Ev'ry path of life inviting:
 Thou my wife, companion, friend,
 All is sunshine, all delighting.

Unregarded seasons roll'd,
 Ere my choice had thee selected;
 Now they happiness unfold,
 Not a moment flies neglected.

'Tis not fortune, 'tis not state,
 'Tis not what the world so prizes,
 In the mind can bliss create—
 Far above such toys it rises.

'Tis what joy exalted hearts
 Feel, while each to each a blessing;
 And, by all endearing arts,
 Ever still their love expressing.

Such the pleasures we partake,
 And, if lengthen'd years be given,
 Virtue join'd with peace shall make
 Home a temporary heaven.

S O N G.

THE LASS OF KENSWORTH DALE.

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

AS down the cowslip dale I stray'd,
 'Twas on a summer's morning;
 Where I beheld a charming maid,
 With beauteous looks adorning:

No

No blooming daisies half so fair,
 Or lily of the vale,
 Can with my charming maid compare,
 The lass of Kenfworth Dale.

Her auburn locks in ringlets flow'd,
 Sweet as her form to view ;
 The graces ev'ry charm bestow'd,
 Impearl'd with morning dew :
 Her breath is sweet as new mown hay,
 That scents the spicy gale,
 Or tow'rs that deck the robe of May,
 The lass of Kenfworth Dale.

Enraptur'd would I pass my days,
 In love and balmy peace ;
 Oh hear my truth, reward my lays,
 Then pleasure ne'er would cease :
 Would she but deign my vows to hear,
 And crown my artless tale ;
 Blest with the maid I love so dear,
 The lass of Kenfworth Dale.

S O N G.

A FAVORITE SONNET,

By her Grace the Duchess of Devonshire.

BRING me flow'rs and bring me wine,
 Boy, attend thy master's call ;
 Round my brows let myrtles twine,
 At my feet let roses fall :

Breathe in softest notes the flute,
 Form the song and sound the lute,
 Let thy gentle accents flow,
 As the whispering zephyrs blow.

Sorrow wou'd annoy my heart,
 But I hate its baneful sting;
 Joys shall chase the rapid dart,
 For I will laugh and I will sing:
 What avails the down-cast eye?
 What avails the tear, the sigh?
 Why should grief obstruct our way,
 When we live but for a day.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S ALLEGORY.

For a Water Party.

LIFE's like a ship in constant motion,
 Sometimes high and sometimes low;
 Where ev'ry one must brave the ocean,
 Whatsoever wind may blow:
 If unassail'd by squall or shower,
 Wafted by the gentle gales;
 Let's not lose the fav'ring hour,
 While success attends our sails.

Or,

Or, if the wayward winds should bluster,
 Let us not give way to fear ;
 But let us all our patience muster,
 And learn from reason how to steer :
 Let judgment keep you ever steady,
 'Tis a ballast never fails ;
 Should danger rise, be ever ready,
 To manage well the swelling fails.

Trust not too much your own opinion,
 While your vessel's under weigh ;
 Let good example bear dominion,
 That's a compass will not stray :
 When thund'ring tempests make you shudder,
 Or Boreas on the surface rails ;
 Let good discretion guide the rudder,
 And providence attend the fails.

Then, when you're safe from danger, riding
 In some welcome port or bay,
 Hope be the anchor you confide in,
 And care awhile enflumber'd lay :
 Or, when each cann's with liquor flowing,
 And good fellowship prevails ;
 Let each true heart with rapture glowing,
 Drink success unto our fails.

S O N G.

THE GOLDEN DAYS OF GEORGE THE THIRD.

WHILST changes the world is continually ringing.
 And many in praise of old customs are singing;
 Whatever past times might afford that is pleasant,
 For living no age ever out-topt the present.

CHORUS.

Merry sons of freedom, hand about the pitcher,
 The state may be poor, but the land was never richer.

Some talk of Queen Bess, but they much miss the
 matter,

I mean of golden days when our fancies they flatter ;
 The times are much alter'd if not greatly mended,
 For gold flows as current as six-pences then did.

Merry sons, &c.

The spoils of the East (tho' I deem it intrusion)
 Has caus'd in this country of wealth a profusion ;
 But why at the influx should any one wonder,
 For Christians go thither the Pagans to plunder.

Merry sons, &c.

No state upon earth whether rising or sinking,
 Old England can beat for good eating and drinking ;
 But drinking to see in the highest perfection,
 There's nothing comes up to a general election.

Arrears to discharge, tho' the land 'twill cost many
pence,

Whate'er may be said of the Prince's extravagance;
The King I could wish to have ample provision,
And able at all times to pay his own physician.

Merry sons, &c.

If the Dons war pursue, they shall soon feel our power;
We'll ransack their mines, lodge their gold in the tower,
No cost shall be spar'd, nor will courage be wanted,
Till peace on the terms we demand shall be granted.

Merry sons, &c.

S O N G.

FREEDOM'S FAIR GROUND.

YE friends to fair freedom, and sons of true worth,
Who love a few moments devoted to mirth;
To recompence make for the toil of the day,
Allow it all must—there's a time to be gay:
That time to embrace, in the evening resort,
Give pleasure the meeting at Comus's court.

We meet to be joyous—what's life without cheer?
And cheerful we will be, care never comes here;
The earth teems with plenty, profuse are her smiles,
Great-Britain may still be the happiest of isles;
And whilst o'er the ocean her vessels shall go,
Where genius presides, trade is certain to flow.

The

The prospect how pleasing—of commerce I mean;
 When Eden returns from the banks of the Seine;
 May kingdom 'gainst kingdom no more live in spite,
 For both 'twere much better to trade than to fight:
 Keep war at a distance, with wranglers away,
 Disturbers of peace send to Botany-bay.

French wines we'll encourage the work to complete,
 And barter steel toys for the brandy that's neat;
 We'll drink to each other, no longer seem strange,
 Old stingo for claret we'll freely exchange:
 Invention is boundless on freedom's fair ground,
 Its equal is not in the world to be found.

S O N G.

THE FARIES.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

BEHOLD the faries jocund band,
 Who firm, though low of stature,
 'Gainst giant vice shall make a stand,
 Portraying human nature:
 We've characters of ev'ry mould,
 All tempers, forms and fizes;
 The grave, the gay, the young, the old,
 Hid under quaint disguises.

We

We have a priest who never swears,
But who is always ready
With money, or advice, or pray'rs,
To help the poor and needy.
They hey for the faries, &c.

A man and wife, who both on crutch
Are now obliged to hobble,
Who fifty years, or near as much
Have never had a squabble.
They hey for the faries, &c.

A magistrate upright and wise,
To whom no bribe is given,
And who before two charming eyes
Can hold the balance even.
They hey for the faries, &c.

A learn'd physician of great skill,
All cures, like Galen, pat in,
Who never does his patients kill,
Take fees, or jabber latin.
They hey for the faries, &c.

A country 'squire, who hates the smell
Of Stingo and October;
A modern poet who can spell,
And a musician sober.
They hey for the faries, &c.

Away then, comrades, beat to arms,
Display your sportful banners,
Strike hard at vice, explore false charms,
And catch the living manners.
They hey for the faries, &c.

S O N G.

VAUXHALL-GARDENS.

SOFT spring, the proclaimer of rural delight,
 Again to her sweet native bowers invites,
 From toil, to relax and enjoy the fresh air,
 All ye who the peaceful amusement would share,
 When mirth gives the summons, to honor they call,
 Make much of the joy-giving hours at Vauxhall.

When the ev'ning is fine, how enlivening the scene,
 The walks to parade, or to trip o'er the green ;
 No trouble to harrafs, no fears to alarm,
 The mind sits at ease when there's music to charm :
 Then quickly away, to the regions resort,
 Which pleasure makes choice of for keeping her court.

The tradesman who's got a few moments to spare,
 Finds here a refreshment to solace his care ;
 The artist will often his labour throw by,
 Such sweet rural pastime awhile to enjoy :
 For genius, whose sons oft incline to be gay,
 Would droop if there was not a season to play.

When all appears charming and grac'd with the fair,
 What gardens for splendor with these can compare ;
 When nature embellish'd with choice strokes of art,
 The mind to regale does her beauties impart,
 And mirth and good fellowship keep up the ball,
 What more would the heart wish to find at Vauxhall.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE FAIR AND THE GAY.

WITH the charms of bright fancy let mirth now expand,

What pleasure can equal the flow of the soul,
When friendship and humour unite hand in hand,
And care is seen drowning in Bacchus's bowl;
Let the vine with the olive then socially join,
And peace-killing passion keep out of the way;
Let myrtles, and roses, and lilies entwine,

While we lift up the song to the fair and the gay.
Let Mars, with the laurel of victory be crown'd,
Approach—but his fury and sword leave behind;
No quarrels with rosy-fac'd humour are found,
For faction and fighting we give to the wind:
Let Venus, sweet smiling, the banquet attend,
Her charms, all inviting, before us display;
E'en Jove from Olympus himself may descend,
And join in the song to the fair and the gay.

Appollo may come with his harp or his lute,
To lead in a concert so truly divine;
A solo may give on the fiddle or flute,
For music must surely assist the design:
Love, honor, and glory, and friendship combin'd,
Will make the night sparkle as bright as the day—
What a feast to the worthy and good-humour'd mind,
While we lift up the song to the fair and the gay.

SONG.

S O N G.

ALL'S FISH THAT COMES TO NET.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I AM a jolly fisherman,
 I catch what I can get,
 Still going on my betters' plan,
 All's fish that comes to net ;
 Fish, just like men, I've often caught,
 Crabs, gudgeons, poor John, cod-fish,
 And many a time to market brought,
 A dev'lish fight of odd fish :
 Thus all are fishermen through life,
 With wary pains and labour,
 This baits with gold, and that a wife,
 And all to catch his neighbour ;
 Then praise the jolly fisherman,
 Who takes what he can get,
 Still going on his betters' plan,
 All's fish that comes to net.

The pike, to catch the little fry,
 Extends his greedy jaw,
 For all the world, as you and I,
 Have seen your man of law ;
 He who to laziness devotes
 His time, is sure a numb fish,
 And members who give silent votes,
 May fairly be call'd dumb fish :

False

Falſe friends to eels we may compare,
 The roach reſembles true ones;
 Like gold-fiſh we find old ones rare,
 Plenty as herrings new ones.

Then praiſe, &c.

Like fiſh, then mortals are a trade,
 And trapp'd, and fold, and bought;
 The old wife and the tender maid,
 Are both with tickling caught;
 Indeed the fair are caught, 'tis ſaid,
 If you but throw the line in,
 With maggots, flies, or ſomething red,
 Or any thing that's ſhining:
 With ſmall fiſh you muſt lie in wait,
 For thoſe of high condition,
 But 'tis alone a golden bait,
 Can catch a learn'd phyſician.

Then praiſe, &c.

S O N G.

THE MID-WATCH.

Sung at Vauxhall.

WHEN 'tis night, and the mid-watch is come,
 And chilling miſts hang o'er the darken'd main;
 Then ſailors think of their far diſtant home,
 And of thoſe friends they ne'er may ſee again:

But

But when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of them come o'er his mind—
O think, but shou'd the day be won,
How 'twill cheer,
Their hearts to hear,
That their old companion he was one.

Or my lad, if you a mistress kind,
Have left on shore some pretty girl and true,
Who many a night doth listen to the wind,
And sighs to think how it may fare with you:
O, when the fight's begun,
Each serving at his gun,
Should any thought of her come o'er your mind;
Think only, should the day be won,
How 'twill cheer
Their hearts, to hear,
That their own true sailor he was one.

S O N G.

THE BYE-STANDER.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

LOOK fairly all the world around,
And, as you truth deliver,
Tell me what character is found
A real favour viv're?
Who truly merits sober fame,
To find you need not wander,
None can detect life's fraudulent game.
So well as the by-stander.

The lover cogs, and palms, and slips,
 The easy fair to baffle,
 And still to win that stake, her lips,
 Will deal, and cut, and shuffle:
 Still will he ply each subtle art,
 'Till he has quite trapann'd her,
 And then is sure to trump her heart,
 If absent the by-stander.

Preferment is a bowling-green,
 Where, placed in each position,
 Bowls jostling in and out are seen,
 To reach the Jack ambition:
 The bias int'rest still they try,
 Twist, turn, and well meander,
 Yet their manœuvres, rub or fly,
 Are known to the by-stander.

The law's game at whist, wherein
 The parties nine are both in,
 Where tricks alone the game can win,
 And honors go for nothing:
 And while they, a sure game to nick,
 Their client's money squander;
 Full many more than one odd trick
 Discovers the by-stander.

The coxcomb plays at shuttlecock,
 The wit commands and questions,
 The carping cits to commerce flock,
 Each follows his suggestions:
 Yet he alone who merits fame,
 Who blunts the shafts of slander,
 And on the square life's motly game
 Best plays, is the by-stander.

SONG.

S O N G.

BACHELOR'S-HALL.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

TO bachelor's-hall we good fellows invite,
 To partake of the chace that makes up our delight;
 We have spirits like fire, and of health such a stock,
 That our pulse strikes the seconds as true as a clock:
 Did you see us, you'd swear, as we mount with a grace,
 That Diana had dubb'd some new gods of the chace;
 Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
 And Aurora with smiles ushers in the bright day.

Dick Thickset came mounted upon a fine black,
 A better fleet gelding ne'er hunter did back;
 Tom Trig rode a bay full of mettle and bone,
 And gaily Bob Buxom rode proud on a roan:
 But the horse of all horses that rivall'd the day,
 Was the 'quire's Neck-or-Nothing, and that was a grey.
Hark away, &c.

For hounds, there was Nimble, so well that climbs rocks,
 And Cocknose, a good one at scenting a fox,
 Little Plunge, like a mole who will ferret and search,
 And beetle-brow'd hawk's-eye so dead at a lurch
 Young Sly-looks, who scents the strong breeze from the
south,
 And musical Echo-well, with his deep mouth.
Hark away, &c.

Our horses thus all of the very best blood,
 'Tis not likely you'll easily find such a stud ;
 And for hounds, our opinions with thousands we'd back,
 That all England throughout can't produce such a pack:
 Thus having describ'd our dogs, horses, and crew,
 Away we set off, for the fox is in view.

Hark away, &c.

Sly reynard's brought home, while the horn sounds a
 call,

And now you're all welcome to Bachelor's-hall,
 The fav'ry firloin grateful smoaks on the board,
 And Bacchus pours wine from his favorite hoard:
 Come on then, do honor to this jovial place,
 And enjoy the sweet pleasures that spring from the
 chace ;

Hark away, hark away, all nature looks gay,
 Let us drink to the joys of the next coming day.

S O N G.

COLIN AND CHLOE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHAT a plague, cried young Colin, would Chloe
 be at,

I ne'er will be caught in a noose ;
 Odds wounds I'm resolv'd, and who'd wager 'gainst that,
 Were it even a guinea he'd lose :
 I told the young baggage, says I to her face,
 'Tey as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.

Cry'd young Thyrsis, pray Colin this blustering hold,
 What you've utter'd is only thro' fear ;
 In the absence of danger all cowards feel bold,
 But you'd soon change your note were she near :
 She has honor and truth, and I say't to your face.
 With her you'll ne'er toy 'till the priest shall say grace.

Away then cry'd Colin, a soldier I'll go,
 In each quarter to find out a wife ;
 I'll roar, and I'll rant, rake a little, or so,
 But no one shall snap me for life ;
 For in spite of their fancies, I'll say to their face,
 Toy as much as you will, but no priest shall say grace.

As he utter'd those words, charming Chloe came by,
 Unaffected and lovely as May ;
 Adieu then poor Colin, cried she, with a sigh,
 While the sun shines begone and make hay :
 Cried Thyrsis, d'ye hear me, you may well hide your
 face,
 With such beauty would'ft toy, till the priest should
 say grace.

Odd rot it, cried Colin, woot let me alone,
 With vexation my heart how it boils ;
 Why for her peace of mind I would forfeit my own,
 Woot forgive me, sweet Chloe ?—She smiles !
 See, glad consent lightens up in her face,
 Then let us to church where the priest shall say grace.

SONG.

S O N G.

WIGS, WIGS, WIGS.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I'LL tell you a story, a story that's true,
A story that's tragic and comical too,
'Tis of a mischance that was ready to fall
On this realm, thro' the sky-light of Westminster-hall;
Sing bags and briefs, bands, gowns, and other like rigs,
Queues, bags, ties, and full-bottom wigs, wigs, wigs.

The court was just open'd, and each learned brother
Preparing which readiest could puzzle the other,
When on the top of the house a poor ignorant wench
Puzzled judge, jury, counsel, and all the whole bench.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

Some say they a knotty dispute were upon,
Of some trifle like perjury, bail, or crim. con.
When this maid, with good nature alone for her object,
Wash'd the windows to let in some light on the subject.
Sing bags and briefs, &c.

Other

Others say, and that boldly, this fly little quean,
Was determin'd to wash all their consciences clean;
But that would have taken, so wrong was her notion,
Instead of some drops, more than all the whole ocean.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

But the lawyers, with consciences ever awake,
Did the poor girl's civility strangely mistake,
And augmenting this mouse to a mountain of evil,
Took her mop for a pitchfork and her for the devil.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

One appearing, however, less fear'd than the rest,
Their absurd apprehensions soon turn'd to a jest;
Crying, courage! Old Nick will not take you this bout,
He'll be punctual, ne'er fear, but your time is not out.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

And now, lest the roof on their noddles should fall,
In two minutes deserted was Westminster-hall,
Pris'ner, judge, and jew bail, 'gainst each other did
squeeze,

And the counsel-bags, wigs, and all lost—but their fees.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

No longer let France then, her Joan of Arc boast,
Or her country's stout foes who subdu'd a whole host,
On the maid of the sky-light more honor shall fall,
For she routed the lawyers from Westminster-hall.

Sing bags and briefs, &c.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE GOD OF LOVE,

Sung by Mr. Wilson.

HOW sweet the rosy blush of morn,
 How charming is the spring !
 When dews bespangle ev'ry thorn,
 And sky-larks sweetly sing :
 Come, then, Florella, let us haste,
 Each happy hour to prove ;
 The fragrance of the morn to taste,
 And hail the god of love.

The lambs are sporting on the plain,
 The kids their gambols try ;
 And ev'ry nymph, and ev'ry swain,
 With mirth old care defy :
 With chaplets crown'd they dance along,
 Each moment to improve ;
 And raise the soft enchanting song,
 To pleasure and to love.

Ah! let not fear thy breast invade,
 That seat of downy peace !
 For all I wish, my charming maid,
 Thy joy is to increase :
 The pow'rs above my vows shall hear,
 Which time cannot remove ;
 That I will constant be, my dear,
 To honor and to love.

C. S.

F

SONG.

S O N G.

THE LONG TROT.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

HERE I was, my good masters, my name's Teddy
 Clinch,
 My cattle are found, and I drives to an inch;
 From Hyde-Park to White-Chapel I well know the
 town,
 And many's the time I've took up and set down:
 In short, in the bills I'll be bound for't there's not
 A young youth who, like Teddy, can tip the long trot.

Oh the notions of life that I see from my box,
 While fares of all kinds come about me in flocks;
 The fot, whom I drive home to sleep out the day,
 The kind one, who plies for a fare at the play;
 Or, your gents of the law, there, who four in a lot,
 To Westminster-hall I oft tip the long trot.

My coach receives all, like the gallows and sea,
 So I touch but my fare you know all's one to me;
 The men of the gown, and the men of the sword,
 A ma'am, or a gambler, a rogue, or a lord:
 To wherever you're going, I well know the spot,
 And, do you tip me a tizzy, I'll tip the long trot.

SONG.

(99)

S O N G.

Sung in the Maid of the Mill.

THE fields were gay, and sweet the hay,
The gypsies sat upon the grafs ;
Both lad and las by you were fed,
'Twas all to cheat your silly las.

Whene'er we met, with kisses sweet,
The speeches soft you did impart ;
The hawthorn bush should make you blush,
'Twas there you did betray my heart.

S O N G.

THE TINKER.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

A TINKER I am,
My name's natty Sam,
From morn to night I trudge it :
So low is my fate,
My personal estate
Lies all within this budget.

Work for the tinker, ho ! good wives,
For they are lads of mettle—
'Twere well if you could mend your lives,
As I can mend a kettle.

The man of war,
The man of the bar,
Physicians, priests, free-thinkers,
That rove up and down
Great London town,
What are they all but tinkers?

Work for the tinker, &c.

Those 'mong the great
Who tinker the state,
And badger the minority,
Pray what's the end
Of their work, my friend,
But to rivet a good majority?

Work for the tinker, &c.

This mends his name,
That cobbles his fame,
That tinkers his reputation:
And thus, had I time,
I could prove in my rhyme,
Jolly tinkers of all the nation.



Work for the tinker, &c.

S O N G.

JACK'S REVENGE.

WHEN last from the straits we had fairly cast
anchor,
I went, bony Kitty to hail,
With quintables stor'd, for our voyage was a spanker,
And bran new was every fail:

But I knew well enough how, with words sweet as honey,
 They trick us poor tars of our gold,
 And when the sly gipsies have finger'd the money,
 The bag they give poor Jack to hold.

So I chas'd her, d'ye see, my lads under false colours,
 Swore my wishes were all at an end,
 That I sported away all my good looking dollars,
 And borrow'd my togs of a friend:
 Oh! then had you seen her, no longer my honey,
 'Twas varlet, audacious, and bold,
 Begone from my sight, now you've spent all your
 money,
 For Kitty the bag you may hold.

With that I took out double handfuls of shiners,
 And scornfully bid her good bye,
 'Twould have done your heart good had you then seen
 her fine airs,
 How she'd leer, and she'd sob, and she'd sigh:
 But I stood well the broadside—while jewel and honey
 She call'd me, I put up the gold,
 And bearing away, as I sack'd all the money,
 Left the bag for Ma'am Kitty to hold.

S O N G.

THE MELLOW TON'D HORN.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

THE grey ey'd Aurora, in saffron array,
'Twixt my curtains in vain took a peep,
And though broader and broader still brighten'd the
day,

Nought could rouse me, so sound did I sleep:
At length rosy Phœbus look'd full in my view,
Full and fervent, but nothing would do,
'Till the dogs yelp'd impatient, and long'd for the chase,
And shouting appear'd the whole crew.
Come on, yoics honies—hark forward, my boys,
There ne'er was so charming a morn,
Follow, follow, wake echo, to share in our joys—
Now the music, now echo,
Mark! mark!
Hark! hark!

The silver mouth'd hounds and the mellow-ton'd horn.

Fresh as that smiling morning from which they drew
health,

My companions are rang'd on the plain,
Blest with rosy contentment, that nature's best wealth,
Which monarchs aspire to in vain:
Now spirits like fire every bosom invade,
And now we in order set out,
While each neighbouring valley, rock, woodland and
glade,
Re-vollies the air-rending shout.

Come on, yoics honies, &c.

Now Reynard's unearth'd, and runs fairly in view,
 Now we've lost him, so subtly he turns,
 But the scent lies so strong, still we fearless pursue,
 While each object impatiently burns:
 Hark! Babler gives tongue, and fleet Driver, and Sly,
 The fox now the covert forsakes;
 Again he's in view, let us after him fly,
 Now, now to the river he takes.
 Come on, yoicks honies, &c.

From the river poor Reynard can make but one push,
 No longer so proudly he flies,
 Tir'd, jaded, worn out, we are close to his brush,
 And conquer'd, like Cæsar, he dies:
 And now in high glee to the board we repair,
 Where fat as we jovially quaff,
 His portion of merit let ev'ry man share,
 And promote the convivial laugh.
 Come on, yoicks honies, &c.

S O N G.

A SAILOR'S LIFE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

'TIS said we vent'rous die hards, when we leave
 the shore,
 Our friends should mourn,
 Lest we return,
 To bless their sight no more:

But this is all a notion
Bold Jack can't understand,
Some die upon the ocean,
And some upon the land :
Then since tis clear,
Howe'er we steer,
No man's life's under his command,
Let tempests howl,
And billows roll,
And danger prefs:
Of those in spight there are some joys
Us jolly tars to blefs,
For Saturday night still comes, my boys,
To drink to Poll and Befs.

One seaman hands the fail, another heaves the log,
The purser swops
Our pay for ftops,
The landlord sells us grog :
Then each man to his station,
To keep life's ship in trim,
What argues noration?
The rest is all a whim :
Cheerly my hearts,
Then play your parts,
Boldly resolv'd to sink or swim ;
The mighty furge
May ruin urge,
And danger prefs:

Of those in spight, &c.

For

For all the world's just like the ropes aboard a ship,
 Each man's rigg'd out,

A vessel stout,

To take for life a trip :

The shrouds, and stays, and braces,

Are joys, and hopes, and fears,

The halyards, sheets, and traces,

Still, as each passion veers ;

And whim prevails,

Direct the sails,

As on the sea of life he steers :

Then let the storm,

Heav'n's face deform,

And danger press :

Of those in spight, &c.

S O N G.

OUT OF TUNE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

I THOUGHT we were fiddle and bow,

So well we in concert kept time,

But, to strike up a part base and low,

Without either reason or rhyme :

What a natural was I so soon

With pleasure to quaver away ;

For I'm humm'd, I think, now to some tune,

She has left me the piper to pay.

I plainly perceive she's in glee,
 And thinks I shall be such a flat
 As to shake, but she's in a wrong key,
 For she never shall catch me at that :
 Whoe'er to the crotchets of love
 Lets his heart dance a jig in his breast,
 'Twill a bar to his happiness prove,
 And shall surely deprive him of rest.

S O N G.

DERMOT.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

AS Dermot toil'd one summer's day,
 Young Shelah, as she sat beside him;
 Fairly stole his pipe away—
 Oh den to hear how she'd deride him:
 Where, poor Dermot, is it gone,
 You lily lily loodle?
 They've left you nothing but the drone,
 And that's yourself, you noodle.

Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,
 Poor Dermot's pipe is lost and gone,
 And what will the poor devil do?

Fait, now I am undone and more,
 Cry'd Dermot—ah will you be aefy?
 Did not you stale my heart before,
 Is it you'd have a man run crazy?

I've nothing left me now to moan,
My lily lily loodle ;
That used to cheer me so, is gone—
Ah! Dermot, thou'rt a noodle.

Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,
My heart, and pipe, and peace are gone—
What next will cruel Shelah do.

But Shelah hearing Dermot vex'd,
Cry'd she, 'twas little Cupid mov'd me,
Ye fool, to steal it out of tricks,
Only to see how much you lov'd me :
Come cheer thee, Dermot never moan,
But take your lily loodle,
And for the heart of you that's gone;
You shall have mine, you noodle :

Beum bum boodle, loodle loo,
Shelah's to church with Dermot gone,
And for the rest—what's dat to you.

S O N G.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

DRINKING SONG.

WHAT argues pride and ambition?
Soon or late death must take us in tow :
Each bullet has got its commission,
And when our time's come we must go :

F 6

Then

Then drink and sing, hang pain and sorrow,
The halter was made for the neck,
He that's now live and lusty—to-morrow
Perhaps may be stretch'd on the deck.

There was little Tom Linstock, of Dover,
Got kill'd, and left Polly in pain,
Poll cry'd, but her grief was soon over,
And then she got married again.

Then drink, &c.

Jack Junk was ill used by Bet Crocker,
And so took to guzzling the stuff,
'Till he tumbled in old Davy's locker,
And there he got liquor enough.

Then drink, &c.

For our prize-money then to the proctor,
Take of joy while 'tis going our freak;
For what argues calling the doctor,
When the anchor of life is apeak.

Then drink, &c.

S O N G.

NOTHING LIKE GROG.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

A Plague of those musty old lubbers,
Who tell us to fast and to think,
And patient fall in with life's rubbers,
With nothing but water to drink :

A

A can of good stuff, had they twigg'd it,
 'T would have set them with pleasure agog,
 And, spite of the rules,
 Of the schools,
 The old fools
 Would all of 'em fwigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

My father, when last I from Guinea
 Return'd with abundance of wealth,
 Cry'd Jack, never be such a ninny
 To drink—said I, father your health:
 So I shew'd him the stuff and he twigg'd it,
 And I fet the old codger agog,
 And he fwigg'd, and mother,
 And sister, and brother,
 And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

T'other day as the chaplain was preaching,
 Behind him I curiously flunk,
 And while he our duty was teaching,
 As how we should never get drunk,
 I shew'd him the stuff, and he twigg'd it,
 And it soon set his rev'rence agog,
 And he fwigg'd, and Nick fwigg'd,
 And Ben fwigg'd, and Dick fwigg'd,
 And I fwigg'd, and all of us fwigg'd it,
 And swore there was nothing like grog.

Then trust me, there's nothing like drinking,
 So pleasant on this side the grave;
 It keeps the unhappy from thinking,
 And makes e'en more valiant the brave:

As for me, from the moment I twigg'd it,
 The good stuff has so fet me agog,
 Sick or well, late or early,
 Wind foully or fairly,
 Helm a-lee or a-weather,
 For hours together,
 I've constantly fwigg'd it,
 And, dam'me, there's nothing like grog.

S O N G.

JACK RATLIN.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

JACK RATLIN was the ablest seaman,
 None like him could hand, reef, and steer,
 No dangerous toil but he'd encounter,
 With skill, and in contempt of fear :
 In fight a lion, the battle ended,
 Meek as the bleating lamb he'd prove:
 Thus Jack had manners, courage, merit,
 Yet did he figh, and all for love.

The song, the jest, the flowing liquor,
 For none of these had Jack regard ;
 He, while his messmates were carousing,
 High sitting on the pendant yard,
 Would think upon his fair-one's beauties,
 Swear never from such charms to rove,
 That truly he'd adore them living,
 And, dying, figh—to end his love.

The

The same express the crew commanded
 Once more to view their native land,
 Among the rest, brought Jack some tidings,
 Would it had been his love's fair hand!
 Oh! fate!—her death defac'd the letter,
 Instant his pulse forgot to move,
 With quiv'ring lips, and eyes uplifted,
 He heav'd a sigh, and dy'd for love.

S O N G.

THE CHASE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

WHEN faintly gleams the doubtful day,
 Ere yet the dew drops on the thorn,
 Borrow a lustre from the ray,
 That tips with gold the dancing corn,
 Health bids awake and homage pay,
 To him who gave another morn:

And, well with strength his nerves to brace,
 Urges the sportsman to the chase.

Do we pursue the timid hare,
 As trembling o'er the lawn she bounds?
 Still of her safety have we care,
 While seeming death her steps furrounds,
 We the defenceless creature spare,
 And instant stop the well-taught hounds.

For cruelty should ne'er disgrace
 The well-earn'd pleasure of the chase.

Do we pursue the subtle fox,
 Still let him breaks and rivers try,
 Through marshes wade, or climb the rocks,
 The deep mouth'd hounds shall following fly;
 And while he ev'ry danger mocks,
 Unpitied let the culprit die.

To quell his cruel artful race,
 Is labour worthy of the chace.

Return'd, with shaggy spoils well stor'd,
 To our convivial joys at night,
 We toast, and first our country's lord,
 Anxious who most shall do him right:
 The fair next crowns the social board,
 Britons should love as well as fight.

For he who flights the tender race,
 Is held unworthy of the chace

S O N G.

CURTIS AND HODGE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

CURTIS was old Hodge's wife,
 For vartue none was ever fush,
 She led so pure, so chaste a life,
 Hodge said, 'twas vartue over much:
 For says sly old Hodge, says he,
 Great talkers do the least, d'ye see!

Curtis said, if men were rude,
She'd scratch their eyes out, tear their hair;
Cry'd Hodge, I believe thou'rt wond'rous good,
However let us nothing swear.

For says, &c.

One night she dreamt a drunken fool,
Be rude with her in spight would fain;
She makes no more, but, with a joint stool,
Falls on her husband might and main.

Still says, &c.

By that time she had broke his nose,
Hodge made shift to wake his wife;
Dear Hodge, said she, judge by those blows,
I prize my vartue as my life.

Still says, &c.

I dreamt a rude man on me fell—
However, I his project marr'd:
Dear wife, cried Hodge, 'tis mighty well,
But next time don't hit quite so hard.

For says, &c.

At break of day Hodge cross'd a stile,
Near to a field of new-mown hay,
And saw, and curst his stars the while,
Curtis and Numps in amorous play.
Wasn't I right, says Hodge, says he?
Great talkers do the least, d'ye see.

SONG.

S O N G.

INDIFFERENCE.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

THE world's a strange world, child, it must be
confest,

We all of distress have our share,
But since I must struggle to live with the rest,
By my troth 'tis no great matter where:
We all must put up with what fortune has sent,
Be therefore one's lot poor or rich,
So there is but a portion of ease and content,
By my troth 'tis no great matter which.

A living's a living, and so there's an end;
If one honestly gets just enough,
And something to spare for the wants of a friend,
By my troth 'tis no great matter how:
In this world about nothing we busy appear,
And, I've said it again and again,
Since quit it one must, if one's conscience is clear,
By my troth 'tis no great matter when.

SONG.

(115)

S O N G.

THE LING'RING PANGS OF HOPELESS LOVE.

Sung by Mr. Kelly.

THE ling'ring pangs of hopeless love,
Condemn'd unpitied to endure,
Ah! hapless fate, by flight I strove,
To sooth the pain I could not cure.

Cease, ocean, cease thy angry strife,
Or here thy wheiming billows pour;
I ask but this, oh! take my life,
Or bear me to some distant shore.

S O N G

I CAN'T TELL WHAT TO THINK ON'T.

Sung at the Apollo Gardens.

BRA Jockey calls me his delight,
And vows he loo's me dearly,
He says my ee'n like stars are bright,
And woos me late and early:
But when he beckens to the glen,
As I stand on the brink on't,
My heart it beats, and truly then,
I can't tell what to think on't.

Then

Then he is na a filly loon,
 But bonny gay and witty,
 Yet he may change as does the moon,
 And that would be a pity:
 For I must own I loo him well,
 If false I fure should sink on't;
 The truth, ye lassies, I must tell,
 I don't know what to think on't.

I met wi Willy t'other day,
 Who look'd so snug and neatly,
 And soon began his pipe to play,
 Then sang to me most sweetly:
 Young Jockey chanced to pass by,
 And gloomy seem'd to blink on't;
 I ken he had a jealous eye,
 He knew not what to think on't.

Yet I'll na more torment the lad,
 If honor is his meaning
 I'll soon consent to make him glad,
 And to his wish be leaning:
 To kirk if he should ask to go,
 I surely kind will blink on't;
 For then I certainly shall know,
 Right truly what to think on't.

SONG.

S O N G.

WILLIAM AND ANNA.

Written by Miss Seward.

WAKE and sing when wint'ry winds,
 Are howling loud upon the lea;
 And louder gales my fancy finds,
 For William on the foaming sea:
 But, calming soon the pictur'd storm,
 Sweet hopes into my bosom creep,
 And tell, me, summer breezes warm,
 Shall waft him safely o'er the deep.

Four years on India's sultry coast,
 Has war's rude voice my love detain'd,
 While here, to ev'ry pleasure lost,
 His Anna's languid form remain'd:
 And o'er the steep rock still to lean,
 And eager watch the gliding sail,
 That languid form is duly seen,
 At ruddy morn and evening pale.

But, ah! no handkerchief I mark,
 Steam from the deck in crimson dye!
 Dear signal—wanting thee, the bark
 Is hail'd by many a mournful sigh:
 Its shouts discordant seem to me,
 Loud echoing o'er the stony pier;
 Since William's face I cannot see,
 Since William's voice I cannot hear.

SONG.

(118)

S O N G.

THE STREAMLET.

Sung in the Woodman.

THE streamlet that flow'd round her cot,
All the charms of my Emily knew ;
How oft has its course forgot,
While it paus'd her dear image to view.

Believe me, the fond silver tide,
From whence it deriv'd the fair prize ;
For silently swelling with pride,
It reflected her back to the skies.

S O N G.

THE LAD IS PRETTY.

Sung by Mrs. Jordan.

IN fimmer time when aw is gay,
And looks wi' sic a grace,
I gladly ken the lambkins play,
As round the mead I trace :
Then Jockey tunes his pipe wi' glee,
And sings so blithe a ditty,
I ane he's pleasing unto me,
For troth the lad is pretty.

His

His face is ruddy as the morn,
 And gowden is his hair;
 Good nature does his mind adorn,
 And canty is his air:
 I loo him well I need must ane,
 He is fae blithe and witty;
 But yet I mun a tell him fane,
 Although he is fae pretty.

For when lads ken we lasses like,
 They'll try an artful tale,
 To gain their ends is aw belike,
 If once they can prevail:
 To leave us then is their delight,
 Without one grain of pity;
 Sa I mun keep my mind outright,
 Although the lad is pretty.

Na mickle he's of worldly gear,
 He did to me confes;
 If he is true I dinna care,
 Indeed if it were less:
 To kirk if he will gang wi me,
 I then will shew him pity;
 And happy I with him shall be,
 For troth the lad is pretty.

SONG.

S O N G.

HARRY IS THE LAD FOR ME.

Sung at the Apollo Gardens.

HARRY is a charming lad,
Ne'er too modest or too bold;
Sure the girls are for him mad,
But his heart secure I hold:
Let me wander where I will,
Ever near he's sure to be;
Tho' I chide I love him still,
Harry is the lad for me.

If we chance to meet alone,
How he sighs and how he speaks;
Love pervades each magic tone,
Guides his tongue and glows his cheeks:
Ev'ry sense partakes of bliss,
All is joy and extasy;
Then he does so sweetly kiss,
Harry is the lad for me.

Ere we parted yester eve,
What d'ye think the creature said?
Nought but this, if you'll believe,
Wou'd I, wou'd I, wou'd I, wed?
No, said I, I won't indeed,
But you shall, indeed, says he;
Well it surely is decreed,
Harry is the lad for me,

SONG.

S O N G.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

MY plaint in no one pity moves,
 Save echo, who in plaints replies:
 Like me, depriv'd of him she loves,
 With sympathy she counts my sighs.

Pleas'd with the strain, the hapless maid,
 Repeats the unavailing moan;
 And while she lends her soothing aid,
 Laments my sorrows and her own.

S O N G.

NORAH.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

THE Leixlip is proud of its close shady bow'rs,
 It's clear falling waters, it's murm'ring cas-
 cades,
 It's groves of fine myrtles, it's beds of sweet flow'rs,
 It's lads so well drest, and its neat pretty maids:
 As each his own village will still make the most on,
 In praise of dear Carton I hope I'm not wrong;
 Dear Carton, containing what kingdoms may boast on,
 'Tis Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

NG.

G. S.

G

Be

Be gentleman fine, with the spurs and nice boots on,
 Their horses to start on the Curragh of Kildaire,
 Or dance at a ball with their Sunday new suits on,
 Lac'd waistcoats, white gloves, and nice powder'd
 hair,
 Poor Pat, while so blest in his mean humble station,
 For gold or for acres he never shall long,
 One sweet smile can give him the wealth of a nation,
 From Norah, dear Norah, the theme of my song.

S O N G.

THE CHARMING FELLOW.

Sung in the Agreeable Surprise.

LORD, what care I for mam or dad,
 Why let them scold and bellow!
 For while I live I'll love my lad,
 He's such a charming fellow.

The last fair-day on yonder green,
 The youth he danc'd so well, oh!
 So spruce a lad was never seen,
 As my sweet charming fellow.

The fair was over, night was come,
 The lad was somewhat mellow,
 Says he my dear I'll see you home,
 I thank'd the charming fellow.

We

We trudg'd along, the moon shone bright,
 Says he my sweetest Nell-o,
 I'll kiss you here by this good light,
 Lord, what a charming fellow.

You rogue, says I, you've stop'd my breath,
 Ye bells ring out my knell-o ;
 Again I'd die so sweet a death,
 With such a charming fellow.

S O N G.

THE DEATH OF ALLEN.

THE bells they rang all in the morn,
 And Allen' he rose full soon ;
 Sad tidings there were for Allen to hear,
 That Mary would wed ere noon.

Then Allen he call'd on Thomas's name,
 And Thomas came at his will,
 Make ready a coffin and winding shroud,
 For Mary shall see my fall.

When last we parted, with brimful eyes,
 Right loving she made a vow :
 But Richard has twice as many sheep,
 And Mary forgets me now.

Then bear me to the green grass bank,
 Where we did kiss and play ;
 And tell her, the rain, that made it so green,
 Has wash'd his kisses away.

The bridegroom led the bride so fair,
The priest he came anon;
But Thomas he brought his dear friends corse.
Or ere the wedding was done.

He laid them on the green grafs bank,
Where they did kifs and play,
And told her, the rain, that made it so green,
Had wash'd his kiffes away.

When she beheld poor Allen's dead corse,
Her maiden blush was lost;
She faded, as tho' on April morn,
A primrose nipt by a frost.

Then, all beneath one fatal stone,
Together they buried were:
False maidens who break your plighted vow,
Take heed ye come not here.

S O N G.

GOOD MORROW TO YOUR NIGHT-CAP.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

DEAR Kathlen, you, no doubt,
Find sleep how very sweet 'tis;
Dogs bark, and cocks have crowed out,
You never dream how late 'tis:

This

This morning gay,
 I post away,
 To have with you a bit of play,
 On two legs rid
 Along to bid,
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Last night a little boofy,
 With whisky, ale, and cyder,
 I ask'd young Betty Blowzy,
 To let me sit beside her :
 Her anger rose,
 As four as floes,
 The little gipsy cock'd her nose ;
 Yet here I've rid,
 Along to bid,
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

Beneath the honey-suckle,
 The daisy and the vi'let
 Compose so sweet a truckle,
 They'll tempt you sure to spoil it.
 Sweet Sal and Bell,
 I've pleas'd so well,
 But hold, I mustn't kiss and tell,
 So here I've rid,
 Along to bid,
 Good-morrow to your night-cap.

S O N G.

THE FAITHFUL TAR.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

THE sails unfurl'd, the ship unmoor'd,
 The course to steer—all hands on board,
 Propitious ev'ry gale;
 Fair Sally on the beach deplores,
 Her sailor bound to distant shores,
 But nought her tears avail.

Oh! cruel fate—ye pow'rs above,
 Why thus bereft of him I love,
 Who on the restless deep,
 The boist'rous tide must ceaseless brave,
 And meet, perchance, a wat'ry grave,
 While I but live to weep.

Twelve months elaps'd when he return'd,
 Her constant heart with rapture burn'd,
 'Twas freed from ev'ry care:
 And Henry's love, his heart, his soul,
 Were true as needle to the pole,
 When absent from his fair.

In wedded bliss they taste delight,
 No winds disturb, nor storms affright
 The lovely Sally's breast;
 For now he makes a firm decree,
 No more to trust the raging sea,
 With her completely blest.

SONG.

(127)

S O N G.

MA CHERE AMIE.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

MA Chere Amie, my charming fair,
Whose smiles can banish ev'ry care
In kind compassion smile on me,
Whose only care is love of thee.

Ma chere amie.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
My bosom caught the tender flame;
May friendship in thy bosom be,
Converted into love for me.

Ma chere amie.

Together rear'd, together grown,
O let us now unite in one;
Let pity soften thy decree,
I droop, dear maid, I die for thee.

Ma chere amie.

S O N G.

MON CHER AMI.

Sung by Mr. Incledon.

MON cher ami, amitres cher,
My love shall sooth thy ev'ry care;
Thou in return shalt smile on me,
Nor aught but joy our life shall see.

Mon cher ami.

Under sweet friendship's sacred name,
Thy breast shall still retain the flame,
With which it long has glow'd for me,
Thy constant, wedded friend I'll be.

Mon cher ami.

United thus, may ev'ry year
Thy Lydia grow to thee more dear.
Nor sue from pity more from me,
Nor droop from her who lives for thee.

Mon cher ami.

S O N G.

MA CHERE AMI.

MA chere ami! let not despair,
Your bosom fill with anxious care,
Whose heart's so open, mind so free--
I'll think of him who thinks of me.

Ma chere ami.

Charge not a tender virgin's flame
With rudeness to confess the same;
Oh! pardon all the faults you see,
And think of her who thinks of thee.

Ma chere ami.

Then let us to the church incline,
And Hymen wait our hands to join,
For ever after happy be,
I blest'd with you, and you with me.

Ma chere ami.

S O N G.

HOW SWEET'S THE LOVE THAT MEETS RETURN.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

WHEN first I kenn'd young Sandy's face,
 He fung and look'd wi' sic a grace,
 He stole my heart, but did na' care,
 The lad he lov'd a lass more fair:
 And oft' I fung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweet's the love that meets return.

He loo'd a lass wi' fickle mind,
 Was sometimes caul and sometimes kind,
 Which made the love-sick laddie rue,
 For she was caul when he was true:
 He mourn'd and fung o'er brae and burn,
 How sweets the love that meets return.

One day a pretty wreath he twin'd
 Where cowslips and sweet lav'rocks join'd,
 To make a garland for her hair —
 But she refus'd the gift sae fair;
 This scorn, he cry'd, can ne'er be born,
 But sweet's the love that meets return.

Just then he met my tell-tale een.
 (And truest love is soonest seen)
 Dear lass, said he, my heart is thine,
 For thy soft wishes are like mine:
 Now Jenny in her turn may mourn,
 For sweet's the love that meets return.

My answer was bold, frank, and kind,
I lov'd the lad, and told my mind ;
To kirk we went wi' hearty glee,
And wha fae blest as he and me ?
Now blithe we sing o'er brae and burn,
How sweet's the love that meets return.

S O N G .

WILLIAM AND CAROLINE.

Sung by Mr. Mahon.

TWAS at the break of day we spy'd,
The signal to unmoor,
Which sleepless Caroline descry'd,
Sweet maid, from Gosport shore :
The freshning gale at length arose,
Her heart began to swell,
Nor cou'd cold fear the thought oppose,
Of bidding me farewell.

In open boat, the maid of worth
Soon reach'd our vessel's side,
Soon too she found her William's birth,
But sought me not to chide :
Go, she exclaim'd, for fame's a cause
A female should approve ;
For, who that's true to honour's laws,
Is ever false to love.

My

My heart is loyal, scorns to fear,
 Nor will it ever fail,
 Tho' war's unequal wild career
 Should William's life assail
 Tho' death 'gainst thee exert his sway,
 Oh! trust me, but the dart
 That wounded thee will find its way
 To Caroline's true heart.

Should conquest, in fair form array'd,
 Thy loyal efforts crown,
 In Gosport will be found a maid,
 That lives for thee alone:
 May girls, with hearts so firm and true
 To love and glory's cause,
 Meet the reward they have in view,
 The meed of free applause.

S O N G.

REFLECTION.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

FROM prudence let my joys take birth,
 Let me not be passion's slave,
 Approv'd by reason, sweet's the mirth,
 Vice of pleasure is the grave:
 Then still to reason's dictates true,
 Select the sweets of life like bees;
 Thus your enjoyments will be few,
 But such as on reflection please.

Wine exhilarates the soul,
Inspires the mirth of ev'ry feast ;
But gluttons so may drain the bowl,
Till man degenerates to beast :
Then mirth and wisdom keep in view,
And freely on the bottle seize ;
What though your pleasures are but few,
They're such as on reflection please.

Love the source of human joys,
The mind with bliss that sweetly fills,
Too often its own end destroys,
And proves the source of human ills :
Here reason's dictates keep in view,
Or, farewell freedom, farewell ease,
The real joys of life are few,
But such as on reflection please.

Then while we meet, let's only own
Joys that do honor to the heart,
And ceasing to prize these alone,
Deplore our frailty, sigh, and part :
Meanwhile to reason's dictates true,
Select the sweets of life like bees ;
Thus your enjoyments will be few,
But such as on reflection please.

SONG.

S O N G.

SORROWS OF WERTER.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

WHEN Werter fair Charlotte beheld,
 As she danc'd with the nymphs on the green,
 He thought ev'ry maid she excell'd,
 And he prais'd the soft grace of her mien :
 But all her accomplishments known,
 Gentle Werter began to adore ;
 He sighs for a heart not her own,
 And the joys of poor Werter are o'er.

Tho' vows the fair Charlotte engag'd,
 As a friend gentle Werter was dear,
 Her smiles oft his sorrows assuag'd,
 While pity has dropt a soft tear :
 Urg'd by love, he grew bold, and she cry'd,
 Werter, leave me, and see me no more ;
 He sigh'd — he obey'd — and he dy'd,
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

Ye nymphs, let not Cupid deceive,
 Under pity's soft garb hide his dart,
 Werter's sorrows are laid in the grave,
 While pity still wrings Charlotte's heart :
 And oft' o'er his grave has she cry'd,
 While with flow'rets she deck'd it all o'er,
 He saw me, he lov'd, and he dy'd,
 Then the sorrows of Werter deplore.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR'S RETURN.

THE busy crew their sails unbending,
The ship in harbour safe arriv'd ;
Jack Oakum, all his perils ending,
Had made the port where Kitty liv'd.

His rigging—no one dare attack it,
Tight fore and aft, above, below,
Long-quarter'd shoes, check shirt, blue jacket,
And trowsers like the driven snow.

His honest heart with pleasure glowing,
He flew like light'ning to the side ;
Scarce had they been a boat's length rowing,
Before his Kitty he espy'd.

A flowing pendant gaily flutter'd
From her neat made hat of straw ;
Red was her cheek when first she utter'd,
It was her sailor that she saw.

And now the gazing crew surround her,
While, secure from all alarms,
Swift as a ball from a nine pounder,
They dart into each others arms.

SONG.

SONG.

BRIGHT PHÆBUS.

BRIGHT Phœbus has mounted the chariot of day,
And the hounds and the horns call the sportsman
away ;

Thro' woods and thro' meadows with speed now they
bound,

While health, rosy health, is in exercise found.

Hark away is the word to the sound of the horn,

And echo, blithe echo, makes jovial the morn.

Each hill and each valley is lovely to view,

While pufs flies the covert and dogs quick pursue ;

Behold where she flies o'er the wide spreading plain,

While the loud op'ning pack pursue her amain.

Hark away, &c.

At length pufs is caught, and lies panting for breath,

And the shout of the huntsman's a signal for death :

No joys can compare to the sports of the field,

To hunting all pleasures and pastimes must yield.

Hark away, &c.

S O N G.

LOVE.

Sung in the Twelfth Night.

HOW imperfect is expression,
Some emotions to impart !
When we mean a soft confession,
And yet seek to hide the heart !
When our bosoms, all complying,
With delicious tumults swell
And beat—what broken, falt'ring, dying,
Language would but cannot tell.

Deep confusion's rosy terror,
Quite expressive paints my cheek,
Ask no more—behold your error ;
Blushes eloquently speak :
What tho' silent in my anguish,
Or breath'd only to the air :
Mark my eyes, and as they languish,
Read what your's have written there.

O that you could once conceive me,
Once my heart's strong feelings view !
Love has nought more fond, believe me ;
Friendship nothing half so true :
From you I am wild despairing,
With you speechless as I vouch ;
This is all that bears declaring,
And perhaps declares too much.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE ROYAL SAILOR.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

THE foes of Old England, (France, Holland, and Spain)

Made bold by indulgence, insulted the main ;

The flag of defiance together unfurl'd,

And at England, Old England, their vengeance they
hurl'd :

When Neptune arose from his watery throne,

In a coral-clad suit he most beautiful shone,

He call'd for his tritons, and bade them repair,

To the court of great George, for young William was
there :

He's royal, he's noble, he's chosen by me,

This Isle to protect and reign prince of the sea.

O'erjoy'd at the message, the youth rear'd his head—

I'll fight like a prince, were the words that he said ;

The cause of my country I'll boldly espouse,

To the sea I am wedded, and give her my vows :

With Rodney, with Digby, with Ross I will go,

And die but I'll conquer each insolent foe ;

The tritons reported the words that he said,

And Spain heard the plaudits by Neptune then paid :

He's royal, he's noble, and chosen by me,

Britain's isle to protect, and reign prince of the sea.

The

The Dons they have felt the effects of his rage,
 No more with blood royal they'll dare to engage;
 For he stood on the deck with his naked drawn sword,
 And by the bold Digby he passed the word:
 Humanity touch'd him, tho' not with base fear,
 When one noble ship was blown up in the air;
 His courage gave rapture to each jolly tar,
 Who look on Prince William their bulwark in war:
 He's royal, he's noble, he's chosen to be
 The guard of this isle, and the prince of the sea.

S O N G.

THE MERRY TON'D HORN.

Sung by Mr. Arrowsmith.

HARK forward, away, my brave boys, to the chase,
 To the joys that sweet exercise yields;
 The bright ruddy morning breaks on us apace,
 And invites to the sports of the field:
 Hark forward's the cry, and cheerful the morn,
 Then follow the hounds and the merry ton'd horn.

No music can equal the hounds in full cry,
 Hark! they open—then hasten away;
 O'er hill, dale, and valley, with vigour we fly,
 While pursuing the sports of the day.
 Hark forward's the cry, &c.

With the sports of the field no joys can compare,
There pleasure's light footsteps we trace;
We run down dull sloth, and we distance old care,
Rofy health we o'ertake in the chace.
Hark forward's the cry, &c.

S O N G.

POOR JACK.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

GO patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like,
A tight water boat and good sea room give me,
And t'ent to a little I'll strike;
Though the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth
Should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and bowse ev'ry
thing tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll feud:
Avast, nor don't think me a milk-sop so soft,
To be taken for trifles a-back,
For they say there's a providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why I heard our good Chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy and such—
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay!
Why 'twas all just as one as high Dutch;

But

But he said, how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
 Without orders that come down below,
 And many fine things that prov'd clearly to me
 That providence takes us in tow;
 For says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
 Take the topfails of failors aback,
 There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for you see she would cry,
 When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
 What argues sniv'ling and piping your eye?
 Why what a great fool you must be!
 Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for
 us all,
 Both for seamen and lubbers ashore;
 And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
 Why you never will hear of me more:
 What then, all's a hazard, come don't be so soft,
 Perhaps I may laughing come back;
 For, d'ye see there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
 To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be ev'ry inch,
 All as one as a piece of the ship,
 And with her brave the world without off'ring to flinch,
 From the moment the anchor's a-trip;
 As for me, in all weathers, all times, sides, and ends,
 Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
 For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino my friend's,
 And as for my life 'tis the king's:
 E'en when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft,
 As with grief to be taken aback;
 That same little cherub that sits up aloft,
 Will look out a good birth for poor Jack.

S O N G.

THE SWEET LITTLE ANGEL.

Sequel to Poor Jack.

WHEN Jack parted from me to plough the salt
 deep,
 Alas I mayn't see him again;
 In spite of his talking I could not but weep,
 To help it I'm sure was in vain:
 Then he broke from my arms, and bid me farewell,
 Saying, Pull, come, my soul, it won't do;
 So d've hear, avast whineing and sobbing, my girl,
 'Tis all foolish nonsense in you;
 I could not help thinking that Jack was in right,
 From something that whisper'd, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

Yet while he's at a distance, each thought is employ'd
 And naught can delight me on shore;
 I fancy at times that the ship is destroy'd,
 And Jack I shall never see more;
 But then its but fancy! that angel above,
 Who can do such a wonder of things,
 I know will ne'er suffer a harm to my love,
 And so to myself I thus sing:
 What matters repining, my heart shall be light,
 For something that whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little angel that sits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

But should that sweet angel, wherever he be,
 Forget to look out after Jack,
 Why then he may never return unto me,
 Ah! never, no never come back :
 But, Oh! it can't be he's too good and too kind,
 To make the salt-water his grave ;
 And why should I then each tale teller mind,
 Or dread ev'ry turbulent wave ?
 Besides I will never kind Providence flight,
 For a something there whispers, d'ye see,
 There's a sweet little angel that fits out of sight,
 Will restore my poor Jack unto me.

S O N G

LITTLE BEN.

Sung by Mr. Dibdin.

RESPLENDENT gleam'd the ample moon,
 Reflected on the glitt'ring lee,
 The bell proclaim'd night's awful noon,
 And scarce a ripple shook the sea :
 When thus, for sailors, nature's care,
 What education has denied,
 Are of strong sense, a bounteous share,
 By observation well supplied.
 While thus in bold and honest guise,
 For wisdom mov'd his tongue,
 Drawing from wisdom comfort's drop,
 In truth and fair reflection wise,
 Right cheerfully sung,
 Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main top.

Why

Why should the hardy tar complain?
 'Tis certain true he weathers more
 From dangers on the roaring main,
 Than lazy lubbers do ashore:
 Ne'er let the noble mind despair,
 Tho' roaring seas run mountains high;
 All things are built with equal care,
 First-rate or wherry, man or fly.
 If there's a pow'r that never errs,
 And certainly 'tis so,
 For honest hearts what comforts drop;
 As well as kings and emperors,
 Why not take in tow
 Little Ben that keeps his watch in the main-top?

What though to distant climes I roam,
 Far from my darling Nancy's charms,
 The sweeter is my welcome home,
 To blissful moorings in her arms;
 Perhaps she on that sober moon
 A lover's observation takes,
 And longs that little Ben may foon,
 Relieve that heart which sorely aches.
 Ne'er fear, that power that never errs,
 That guards all things below,
 For honest hearts what comforts drop;
 As well as kings and emperors,
 Will surely take in tow
 Little Ben, that keeps his watch in the main-top.

S O N G.

ALLEN BROOKE, OF WYNDERMERE.

Sung by Mrs. Kennedy.

SAY have you in the village seen
A lovely youth, of pensive mien,
If such a one hath passed by,
With melancholy in his eye;
Where is he gone, ah! tell me where,
'Tis Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

Last night he fighting took his leave,
Which caus'd my tender heart to grieve;
And many maids I know there be,
Who try to wean their love from me:
But heaven knows my heart's sincere,
To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

My throbbing heart is full of woe,
To think that he should leave me so;
But if my love should anger'd be,
And try to hide himself from me—
Then death shall bear me on a bier,
To Allen Brooke, of Wyndermere.

SONG.

S O N G.

FREEDOM AND HIS NATIVE LAND.

Sung at Vauxhall.

MUST peace and pleasure's melting strain,
 For ever in this circle reign?
 Awhile the muse with ardour glows,
 To pay the debt that Britain owes:
 O wave awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

The foldier seeks a distant plain,
 The sailor ploughs the boisterous main,
 Their toil domestic ease secures,
 The labour theirs, the pleasure yours:
 Then change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

Ye wealthy, who domestic sweets
 Enjoy within your gay retreats,
 Think, think on those who guard the shore,
 Whence unmolested springs your store:
 And change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

C. S.

H

Ye

Ye swains who haunt the shady grove,
 And tranquil breathe your vows of love ;
 Who hear not war's tremendous voice,
 But in the arms of peace rejoice :
 Change, change awhile your soft delights,
 To praise each valiant son that fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

And ye who in this frolic train,
 Inspir'd with music's sprightly strain,
 And, wild with pleasure's airy round,
 Bid flowing bowls with love be crown'd:
 Amid your social dear delights,
 Remember him who boldly fights,
 And braves abroad each hostile band,
 For freedom and his native land.

S O N G.

THE FAINT DENIAL.

Sung by Miss Romanzini.

HOW mistaken is the lover,
 Who on words builds hopes of bliss,
 And fondly thinks we love discover,
 If perchance we answer yes :
 Prompted often by discretion,
 Is the seeming kind expression,
 When the tongue the heart belying,
 Dares not venture on denying,
 But in spite of discontent,
 Gives the semblance of consent.

Ah! how vain is art's profession,
 Tho' the falt'ring tongue comply,
 What avails the cold confession,
 If th' averted eyes deny?
 Happier far th' experienc'd swain,
 Knows he triumphs must attain,
 When in vain successful trial,
 Language gives the faint denial;
 While the eyes betray the fiction,
 In delightful contradiction,
 And the cheeks with blushes glow,
 And the tongue still falters no.

How mistaken, &c.

S O N G.

FRIAR AND NUN.

A LOVELY lass to a friar came,
 To confess in the morning early;
 In what, my dear, are you to blame,
 Come own it all sincerely:
 I've done, sir, what I dare not name,
 With a lad who loves me dearly.

H 2

The

The greatest fault in myself I know,
 Is what I now discover;
 Then you to Rome for that must go,
 There discipline to suffer:
 Lack-a-day, Sir, if it must be so,
 Pray with me send my lover.

O, no, no, my dear you dream,
 We'll have no double dealing;
 But if, with me, you'll repeat the same,
 I'll pardon your past failing!
 I must own, Sir, though I blush for shame,
 That you're penance is prevailing.

S O N G.

THE SEA VOYAGE.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

A VOYAGE o'er the sea had not enter'd my head,
 Had I known but on which side to butter my bread;
 Heigho, fure I,
 For hunger must die!
 I fail'd like a booby, come here in a squall,
 Where, alas! there's no bread to be butter'd at all:
 Oho, I'm a terrible booby,
 Oh! what a sad booby am I.

In London what gay chop-house signs in the street,
But the only sign here is of nothing to eat,

Heigho, that I

For hunger should die!

My mutton's all lost, I'm a poor starving elf,
And for all the world like a lost mutton myself;

Oh! I shall die like a lost mutton,

Oh! what a lost mutton am I.

For a neat slice of beef I could roar like a bull,
And my stomach's so empty, my heart is quite full;

Heigho, that I

For hunger should die!

But, grave without meat, I must here meet my grave,
For my bacon I fancy I never shall save:

Oho, I shall ne'er save my,

I can't save my bacon, not I.

S O N G.

INKLE AND YANICO.

Sung by Mr. Bannister and Mrs. Kemble.

O SAY, simple maid, have you form'd any notion,
Of all the rude dangers in crossing the ocean?
When winds whistle shrilly, ah! won't they remind you,
To sigh with regret for the grot left behind you?

Ah! no, I would follow, and sail the world over,
Nor think of my grot, when I look at my lover:
The winds which blow round us, your arms for my
pillow,
Will lull us to sleep, whilst we're rock'd by each billow.

O fay then, my true love, we never will funder,
Nor shrink from the tempest, nor dread the big thunder;
Whilst constant, we'll laugh at all changes of weather,
And journey all over the world both together.

S O N G.

JEMMY LINKUM FEEDLE.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

A CLERK I was in London gay,
Jemmy linkum feedle,
And went in boots to see the play,
Merry fiddlem tweedle:
I march'd the lobby, twirl'd my stick,
Diddle daddle deedle;
The girl's all cry'd, he's quite the kick!
O Jemmy linkum feedle.

Hey, for America I fail,
Yanke doodle deedle;
The sailor boys cry'd, smoke his tail,
Jemmy tinkum feedle:

On

On English belles I turn my back,
 Diddle daddle deedle,
 And got a foreign fair, quite black,
 O twaddle twaddle tweedle.

Your London girls with roguish trip,
 Wheedle, wheedle, wheedle,
 Boast their pouting under lip,
 Fiddle faddle feedle,
 My Wous would beat a hundred such,
 Diddle daddle deedle,
 Whose upper lip pouts twice as much,
 O pretty double wheedle.

Rings I'll buy to deck her toes,
 Jemmy linkum feedle ;
 A feather fine shall grace her nose,
 Waving fiddle feedle :
 With jealousy I ne'er shall burst,
 Who'd steal my bone of bone-a ?
 A white Othello I can trust,
 A dingy Desdemona.

S O N G.

THE HEN-PECK'D GOD.

Sung by Mr. Edwin.

JUNO's a vixen, always scolding,
 Jove acts the part of Jerry Sneak,
 Bully Mars cannot embolden,
 Sniv'ling Joe to look or speak :

Tho' his nods made Coelus quiver,
When she comes, all goes to wreck;
At her presence he will shiver,
More so when he hears her clack.

Clack, click, clack; ticky, ticky, ticky, tack,
Oh! he cannot stand her clack.

All the qualities adorn her,
That complete the scolding shrew;
Gods fly to ev'ry hole and corner,
Whenever she appears in view!
Johnson is to her a fool, fir,
None of his shrill notes she lack,
Tho' a female, she will rule, fir,
With her daddles and her clack.

Clack, click, &c.

Jove, one day the gods had met, fir,
Each was in a merry mood,
Round the table; yous fat, fir,
Mus by them laughing stood:
But, alas! they look like asses,
When with noisy thumps and smack,
Juno enter'd, broke the glasses,
And began her usual clack.

Clack, click, &c.

Oh! for shame, good madam Juno,
Momus cries—all this I bar:
Saucy ruffian, I'll let you know,
What it is with me to spar:

'Pollo

'Pollo strove in vain to please her,
Quick she gave him such a smack,
That no god there durst to seize her,
For her daddles and her clack.

Clack, click, &c.

Jove, cries peace, you saucy vixen!
An't I master of the sky?
Me you must not play your tricks on—
Ay, says Juno, that we'll try:
Come, pray troop, good master jerry,
Or I'll wherk your brawny back!
I shall teach you to be merry,
If you dare resent my clack.

Clack, click, &c.

S O N G.

JOCKEY IS A PRETTY LAD.

Sung at Bermondsey-Spa.

T'OTHER day, 'twas in the mead,
Young Jockey came to me,
Between us there it was agreed,
That I his bride should be;
Sweetly me he did caress,
And said I was his pride;
Pleas'd I was, yet must confess,
I thought I should have died.

Jockey is a pretty lad,
 There's none so blithe as he;
 When he is near my heart is glad,
 Oh! he's the lad for me.

Next day Jockey to me said,
 Dear Jenny shall we wed?
 Oh dear, said I, I am afraid—
 Poor youth he hung his head:
 All his wish was to be wed,
 He would not be denied,
 Pleas'd was I, yet must confess,
 I thought I should have died.

Jockey is a pretty lad, &c.

Yesterday to church we went,
 And there we join'd our hands;
 We neither shall, I hope, repent,
 Tho' fast in Hymen's bands:
 * Had you seen us go to church,
 He laughing, while I cry'd;
 Had he left me in the lurch,
 I'm sure I should have died.

Jockey was a pretty lad, &c.

S O N G.

BURTON ALE.

NE'ER tell me of liquors from Spain or from
 France,
 They may get in your heels and inspire you to dance,
 But the ale of old Burton, is mellow and tight
 Will cherish your hearts and inspire you to fight.
 Your

Your claret, and rhenish, and fine calcavalla,
 Where never yet able to make a good fellow :
 But of stout Burton Ale if you drink but enough,
 Will make you all jolly, and hearty, and tough.

Then let meagre Frenchmen batten on wine,
 They ne'er will digest a good English furloin,
 Parblu they may vapour and caper away,
 But right Burton Ale makes us valiant and gay.

Come, here, then, ye mortals, that's prone to despair,
 From frowns of dame fortune, or frowns of the fair ;
 Whate'er your disorder, three nips will prevail,
 And the best panacea you'll find Burton Ale.

Then Molly approach with your peacock and can,
 Not Juno herself brought more blessings to man ;
 With nip after nip all my sorrows beguile,
 And my fortune and mistress shall gen'rously smile.

S O N G.

HARK THE SWEET HORN PROCLAIMS AFAR.

Sung by Mr. Dignum.

HARK! the sweet horn proclaims afar,
 Against the stag the mimic war ;
 While future heroes hearts rebound,
 And pant to hear the trumpet sound :

H 6

The

The warlike genius of our isle,
 Who on the hunter deigns to smile;
 In echoes gives the chace applause,
 Which strings the nerve for glory's cause:
 Where'er the devious chace may bend,
 Still freedom shall our steps attend;
 And bid us, as our pleasures rise,
 Defend the blessing which we prize.

S O N G.

SWEET JANE OF GRISIPOLY.

Sung by Mr. Johnstone.

O HAD I Allen Ramsay's heart,
 To sing my passions tender,
 In ev'ry sense she'd read my heart,
 Such soothing strains I'd send her:
 Nor his, nor gentle Rizzio's aid,
 To shew, is all a folly,
 How much I love the charming maid,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

She makes me know what all desire
 With such bewitching glances,
 Her modest air then checks my fire,
 And stops my bold advances:
 Meek as the lamb on yonder lawn,
 Yet by her conquer'd wholly;
 For sometimes sprightly as the fawn,
 Sweet Jane of Grisipoly.

My

My senses she's bewilder'd quite,
 I seem an am'rous ninny,
 A letter to a friend I write,
 For Sandy I sign Jenny:
 Last Sunday when from church I came,
 With looks demure and holy,
 I cry'd, when ask'd the text to name,
 'Twas Jane of Grifipoly.

My Jenny is no fortune great,
 And I am poor and lowly,
 A straw for power and grand estate,
 Her person I love solely:
 From ev'ry fordid selfish view,
 So free my heart is wholly,
 And she is kind as I am true,
 Sweet Jane of Grifipoly.

S O N G.

THE UNFORTUNATE BEAUTY.

By Peter Pindar.

AY, lovely maid, with downcast eye,
 And cheek with silent sorrow pale,
 What gives thy heart the lengthen'd sigh,
 That heaving tells a mournful tale.

Thy tears, that thus each other chase,
 Bespeak a bosom swell'd with woe;
 Thy sighs a storm that wreck my peace,
 Which souls like thine should never know.

O tell me, doth some favor'd youth,
 With virtue tir'd, thy beauty slight;
 And leave those thrones of love and truth,
 That lip and bosom of delight.

Perhaps, to nymphs of other shades,
 He feigns the soft empassion'd tear;
 With songs their easy faith invades,
 That treach'rous, won thy witlefs ear.

Let not those maids thy envy move,
 For whom his heart may seem to pine;
 That heart can ne'er be blest with love,
 Whose guilt could force a pang from thine.

S O N G.

WINE.

Sung by Mr. Blanchard.

THIS, this is the liquor of life,
 I vow 'tis the best of all cures,
 For passion, or sickness, or strife—
 So here is your health, sir, and yours.

Who

Who leave such good liquor behind,
 Are surely a parcel of boors ;
 But I am more gaily inclin'd—
 So here is your heath, fir, and yours.

Such fellows, by all that is good,
 Deserve to be turn'd out of doors ;
 But I am an honefter lad,
 So here is your health, fir, and yours.

S O N G.

A NEW COMIC SONG.

POTO potas,
 I drink a glass,
 To the man that won't surrender ;
 Youth marks his face
 In the vocative case,
 And he's of the doubtful gender.

Horum corum,
 Rotulorum,
 Loaves and fishes plenty ;
 Shim sham secretary, treasury and council,
 We all love es in presenti.

Poto potas,
 I drink the las
 Who loves the pango punxi ;
 With lædo ludo,
 Divido trudo,
 Ex de semper faciunt si.

Horum corum,
Hot coculorum,
Love and kisses plenty ;
Smick smack, diddle, daddle, masculinum genus,
We all love es in presenti.

Then fill your glafs,
Each lad and lafs,
Who here have fat and heard us ;
May each knave swing
In an hempen string,
Bos, fur, atque sacerdos.

Horum corum,
Snip, snap, snorum,
Cords and gibbets plenty ;
Chip chop, new drop, Tempel-bar and Tower-hill,
To give us en presenti.

S O N G.

THE DYING ROSE.

TWAS near a daify-sprinkled mead,
A blushing rose I found,
Wafting its odours in the air,
It's sweetness on the ground.

Sweet flow'r, I cry'd, how short thy bloom,
And snatch'd it to my breast,
Here may'st thou shed thy last perfume,
And find eternal rest.

Yet

Yet, ne— to Delia's bosom steal,
Who boasts her youthful prime,
And tell her plainly that her charms
Too soon must fade like thine.

Then on her bosom breathe thy last,
While I thy fate deplore,
And mark with sorrow at thy doom,
That thou shalt bloom no more.

S O N G.

TOBY PHILPOT.

DEAR Tom, this brown jug that now foams with
mild ale,
(In which I will drink to sweet Nan of the vale)
Was once Toby Philpot, a thirsty old soul,
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl;
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel,
And among jolly toppers he bore off the bell.

It chanc'd, as in dog days he sat at his ease,
In a flow'r-woven harbour as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe, puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester but.

His

His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
 And time, into clay had dissolv'd it again,
 A potter found out—in a covert so snug,
 And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug:
 Now sacred to friendship, to mirth, and mild ale,
 Here's a health to my lovely sweet Nan of the vale.

S O N G.

AGNES.

(The sequel to Toby Philpot)

MY true hearty fellows, who smoke with such glee,
 To beg your attention for once I'll make free;
 And sing of our pipes, while thus merry and snug,
 We lighten our care as we lighten our jug:
 The jug, which from Toby its origin boasts,
 Old Toby, whose mem'ry enlivens our toast.

Toby's fame, like his size, spread so great by his ale,
 That for Agnes no room could be found in the tale;
 Honest Agnes, the social support of his life,
 Both for quaffing and size was well pair'd as his wife:
 Therefore singing her praise, we with joy will regale,
 Whilst our pipes and our jug give a zest to our ale.

The potter who shrewdly found Toby's remains,
 Thought to visit again there might answer his pains;
 Where in brief he found Agnes, whose death, as her
 life,
 Made her qualified duly to lie as his wife:

Her

Her fair fame all the village incessantly quote,
Whose vicar the following epitaph wrote.

' Agnes Philpot, the wife of old Toby, renown'd,
Who liv'd while on earth, now lies dead in this ground ;
Old care of her grieving for Toby—to bilk,
She soften'd her sorrows with brandy and milk ;
Swoln quite filky she thriv'd, 'till her skin gave a crack,
When Death popping in, laid her here on her back.'

At these lines our shrew'd potter a happy thought
started,
That Toby and Agnes should never be parted ;
So he took of her clay, which was white as her milk,
And temper'd with brandy 'till softer than filk,
And forming these pipes, he advis'd sly and snug,
That we kiss her fair clay, and shake hands with his
jug.

S O N G.

THE COQUET.

IN vain I seek the lonely grove,
Or melancholy shade ;
Oppress'd alas ! with hopeless love,
For one deluding maid :
She heard my vows, I thought her kind,
So sweet she on me smil'd —
But she deceiv'd my artless mind,
And all my hopes beguil'd.

With

With Colin now she trips the plain,
 Nor heeds my tender sighs;
 Laughs at my love, my tears and pain,
 And from my presence flies:
 Fair queen of love, relieve my smart,
 And make the maid relent,
 Or strike with death my aching heart,
 And I shall be content.

S O N G.

'TIS FANNY THE PRIDE OF THE DELL.

Sung by Mr. Darley.

HOW blest our condition, how jocund our day,
 Ye swains, can our pleasures be told?
 To range in sweet order the rows of new hay,
 To lead the stray lamb to the fold.

To fetch up the kine for the maiden we love,
 And guard her from noon's burning beam;
 To guide her dear steps, when she leads thro' the grove
 The heifer which pants for the stream.

To carry her pail, when with milk it o'eflows,
 To wait while she rests on the stile;
 To gather the king-cup, the woodbine or rose,
 To make her a poley the while.

'Tis Fanny the lovely who causes my smart,
 'Tis she does all maidens excell;
 If you ask her dear name that has conquer'd my heart,
 'Tis Fanny the pride of the dell.

S O N G.

THE FANCY STIRRING BOWL.

Written by Capt. Morris.

WHEN the fancy stirring bowl,
Wakes its world of pleasure,
Glowing visions gild my soul,
And life's an endless treasure:
Mem'ry decks my wasted heart,
Fresh with gay desires;
Rays divine my senses dart,
And kindling hope inspires.

Then who'd be grave,
When wine can save
The heaviest soul from sinking;
And magic grapes,
Give angel shapes
To ev'ry girl we're drinking.

Here sweet benignity and love
Shed their influence round me;
Gather'd ills of life remove,
And leave me as they found me:
Tho' my head may swim, yet true
Still to nature's feeling;
Peace and beauty swim there too,
And rock me as I'm reeling.

Then who'd be grave, &c.

On youth's soft pillow tender truth,
Her penfive lesson taught me ;
Age soon mock'd the dream of youth,
And wisdom wak'd and caught me :
A bargain then with love I knock'd,
To hold the pleasing gipsy ;
When wise to keep my bosom lock'd,
But turn the key when tipsy.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

When time assuag'd my heated heart,
The grey-beard, blind and simple,
Forgot to cool one little part
Just flush by Lucy's dimple :
That beauty's type
To woe the next fellow ;
And tho' it touch me not when ripe,
I melt still while I'm mellow.
Then who'd be grave, &c.

S O N G.

THE ROSE.

Sung by Mrs. Crouch.

THE summer heats bestowing
Their influence on the rose,
Perfects its charms when blowing,
And ev'ry sweet disclose.

Yet summer suns denying,
The zephyr and the shower,
Their fervid glow applying,
Destroy their fav'rite flow'r.

The love-sick heart requiring
The sunshine of success,
Continual bliss desiring,
Yet sickens with excess.

The fond, the secret tear,
Soft passions keep alive,
The breath of doubt and fear,
Like zephyrs bid it thrive.

S O N G.

THE SAILOR HE FEARS NOT THE ROAR OF THE SEAS.

THE failor he fears not the roar of the seas,
But with courage all danger surmounts,
O'er his biscuit and can he reposes at ease,
And with pleasure each action recounts.

Contented the soldier in dreadful campaign,
Feels bliss mid't the thunder of war;
Nor envies the failor, who ploughs the deep main,
Any prize, but the gain of a scar.

In

In Liberty's cause, may the battles they've fought,
With freedom and peace be repaid;
In the terrors of war, may the honors they've fought
Gain them laurels that never may fade.

S O N G.

THE HAPPY MORN OF LOVE.

Written by Dr. Walcot.

HOW happy was the morn of love,
When first thy sighs engag'd my heart;
Ah! guileless of a wish to rove,
I deem it more than death to part:
Whene'er from thee I chanc'd to stray,
How fancy dwelt upon thy mein;
That spread with flow'rs my wearied way,
And show'r'd delight on ev'ry scene.

But fortune envious of my joys,
For thee selects another's charms;
From me thy vow of love decoys,
And gives thee to a rival's arms:
In secret let my sorrows flow,
Be ev'ry happiness thy lot;
If fortune shields thy heart from woe,
Her wound to mine shall be forgot.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE ROSY FAIR.

Sung at Freemasons-Hall.

ARISE, my rosy nymph of May,
And with your Colin early stray,
To taste the new-morn air :
The lark his tuneful notes hath rung,
To hail you with a bridal song,
Then rise, my rosy fair.

Twelve moons are past this May-day morn,
Since you, beneath the white blown thorn,
Avow'd to me, I swear,
That this same hour you'd kindly yield ;
By ev'ry flow'r that decks the field,
You vow'd, my rosy fair.

No longer then such blifs deny,
But with your Colin's suit comply,
That he may ever wear
That gentle, kind, and wish'd for chain,
Which is to bind your faithful swain,
My charming rosy fair.

The nymph she hasten'd to her love,
With joy he led her to the grove,
And fragrant was the air ;
The linnets tuneful perch'd the spray,
And warbled forth their dulcet lay,
To hail the rosy fair.

C. S.

I

Then

Then soon they join'd the rural train,
In sportive dance they tripp'd the plain,
To Hymen's temple—where
The golden chain's connubial band
To Colin bound the lily hand
Of his sweet rosy fair.

S O N G.

YOUNG LUBIN.

Sung in the Carnival of Venice.

YOUNG Lubin was a shepherd boy,
Fair Rosalie a rustic maid;
They met, they lov'd each other's joy,
Together o'er the hills they stray'd.

Their parents saw, and bless'd their love,
Nor would their happiness delay;
To-morrow's dawn their bliss should prove,
To-morrow be their wedding-day.

When as at eve, beside the brook,
Where stray'd their flocks, they sat and smil'd,
One luckless lamb the current took,
'Twas Rosalie's—she started wild.

Run, Lubin, run, my fav'rite saviour;
Too fatally the youth obey'd:
He ran, he plung'd into the wave,
To give the little wand'rer aid.

But scarce he guides him to the shore,
When, faint and sunk, poor Lubin dies:
Ah! Rosalie, for evermore,
In this cold grave thy lover lies.

On that lone bank, oh! still be seen,
Faithful to grief, thou hapless maid;
And with sad wreaths of cypress green,
For ever soothe thy Lubin's shade.

S O N G.

FAIR ROSALIE.

The Sequel to Young Lubin.

ON that lone bank where Lubin dy'd,
Fair Rosalie, a wretched maid,
Sat weeping o'er the cruel tide,
Faithful to her Lubin's shade.

Oh! may some kind, some gentle wave,
Waft him to this mournful shore:
These tender hands should make his grave,
And deck his grave with flow'rs o'er.

I'd ever watch his mould'ring clay,
And pray for his eternal rest;
When time his form has worn away,
His dust I'd place within my breast.

While thus she moan'd her Lubin lost,
And echo to her grief reply'd:
Lo! at her feet his corpse was tost,
She shriek'd, she clasp'd him, and she dy'd.

S O N G.

THE FRIEND AND PITCHER.

Sung in the Poor Soldier.

THE wealthy fool, with gold in store,
Will still desire to grow richer,
Give me but these, a fig for care,
My charming girl, my friend and pitcher :
My friend so rare, my girl so fair,
With such what mortal can be richer ;
Give me but these, a fig for care,
With my sweet girl, my friend and pitcher.

From morning sun, I'd never grieve
To toil, a hedger or a ditcher,
If that when I come home at eve,
I might enjoy my friend and pitcher.
My friend so rare, &c.

Tho' fortune ever shuns my door,
I know not what can bewitch her ;
With all my heart can I be poor,
With my sweet girl, my friend, and pitcher.
My friend, &c.

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